

No. 4

JUNE, 1937

Detective COMICS

10¢



CREIG
FLESSER

THE COMIC HEADLINER!

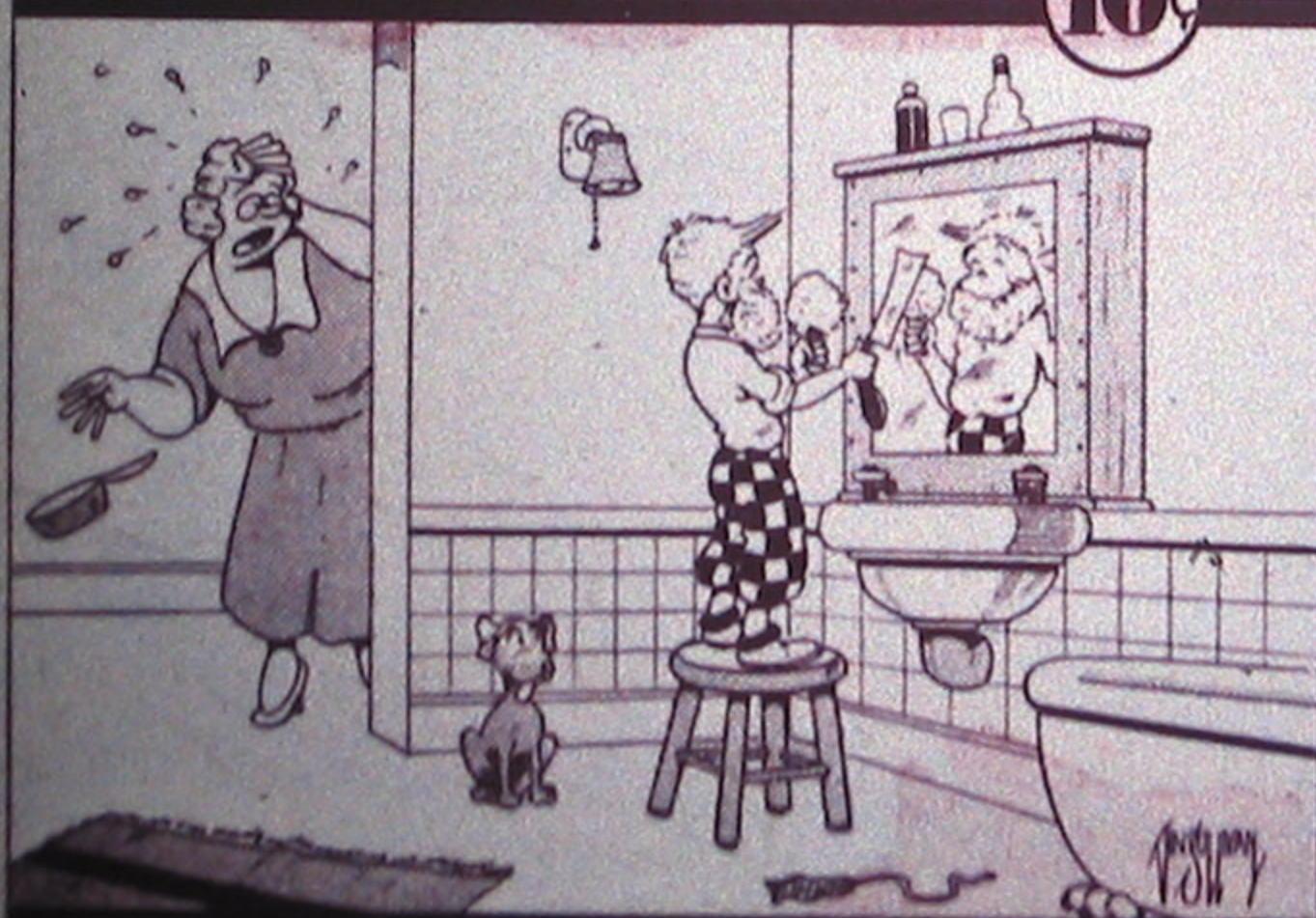
No. 21

JUNE, 1937

MORE

FUN COMICS

10c



ALL ORIGINAL! . . . ALL NEW!

TRIED!
TESTED!
PROVED!

10c
AT ALL
NEWS-
STANDS

JUNE, 1937

VOL. I No. 4

Detective COMICS

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

Editor and Publisher

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

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SPEED SAUNDERS

AND THE MYSTERY OF SAN JOSE ISLAND

• BY FLESS •

FOR YEARS THE ISLE OF SAN JOSE SUPPLIED SUGAR CANE TO THE WORLD. PEACE AND HAPPINESS REIGNED UNTIL TWO RIVAL SUGAR PLANTATIONS DECIDED THE ISLE WAS NOT BIG ENOUGH FOR THEM.



NICK DEL BORNO



PADRE DESODO



SPEED SAUNDERS



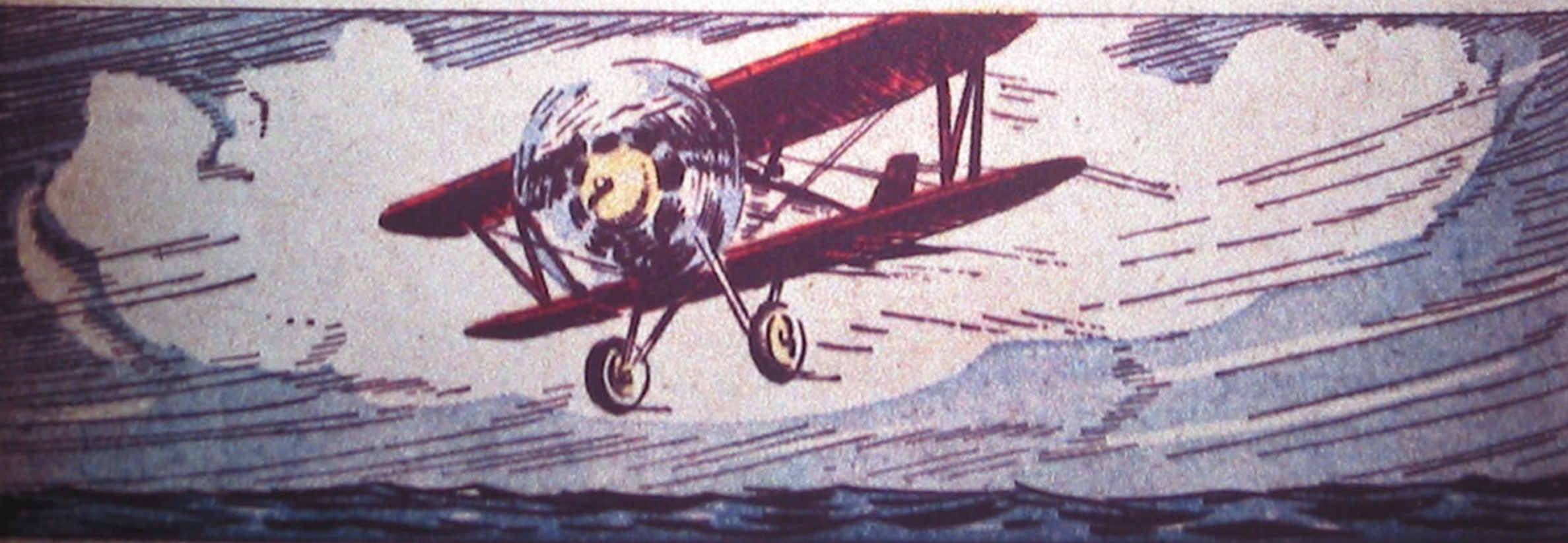
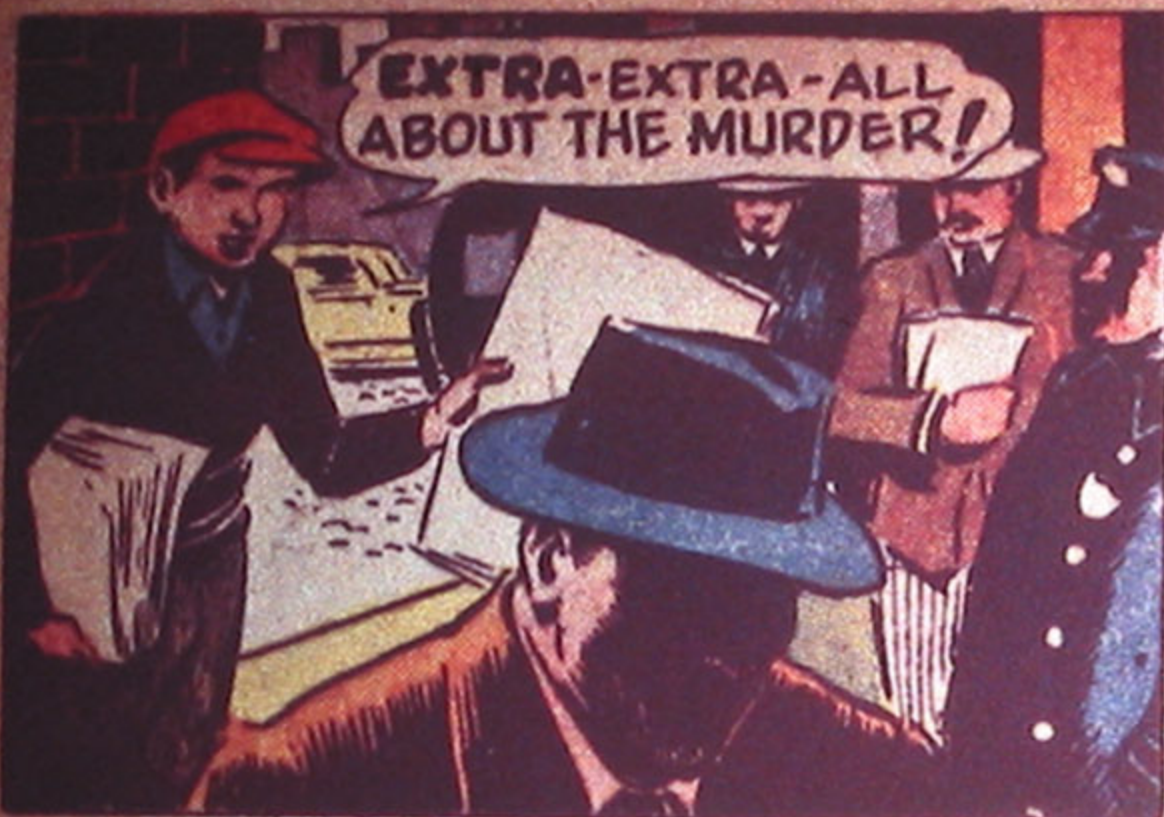
MAY ADAMS



ARTHUR BELL

ON MARCH 5th, THE FOREMAN OF THE ALLIED SUGAR PLANTATION IS FOUND MURDERED ON THE ISLE OF SAN JOSE. WHY ANYONE SHOULD WANT TO MURDER THE YOUNG AND POPULAR ARTHUR BELL IS INDEED A MYSTERY TO THE PEOPLE OF SAN JOSE.





-LET'S SEE THIS MAP. ACCORDING
TO MY TIME SCHEDULE I OUGHT
TO BE ABOUT THERE.

THAT'S SAN JOSE
ISLAND-LOOKS LIKE
A TOUGH PLACE TO
SET DOWN.

WHOA! THROW
OUT THE ANCHOR.

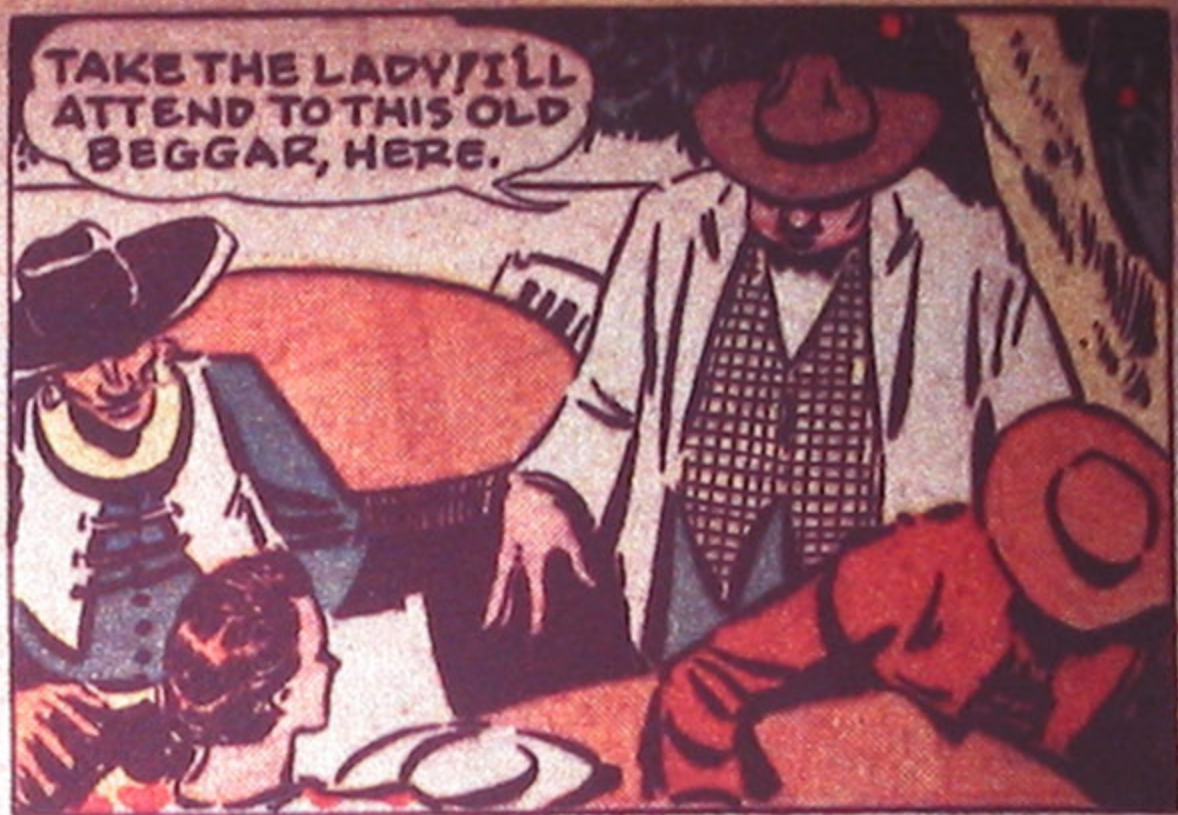
NOW, TO GET OUT
OF THESE DUDS-
AND HAVE A LOOK
AROUND.

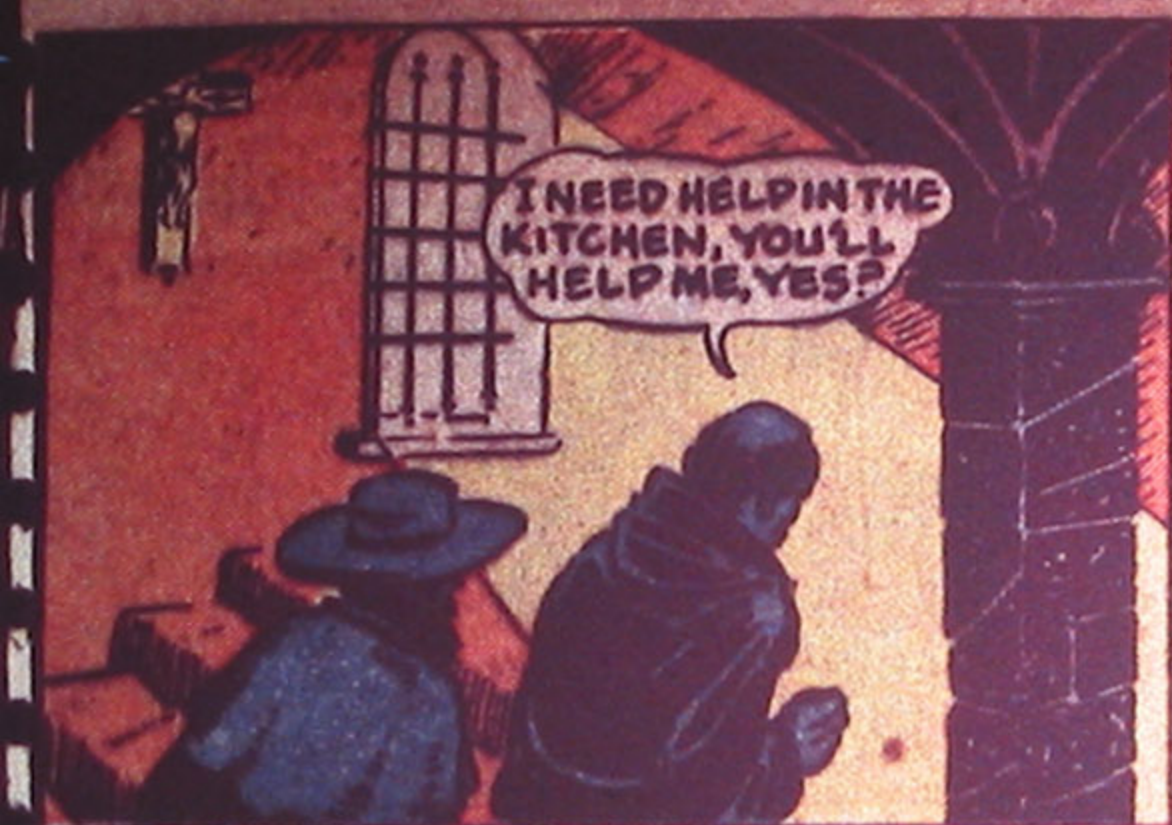
INTO TOWN, COMES A RAGGED OLD BEGGAR.

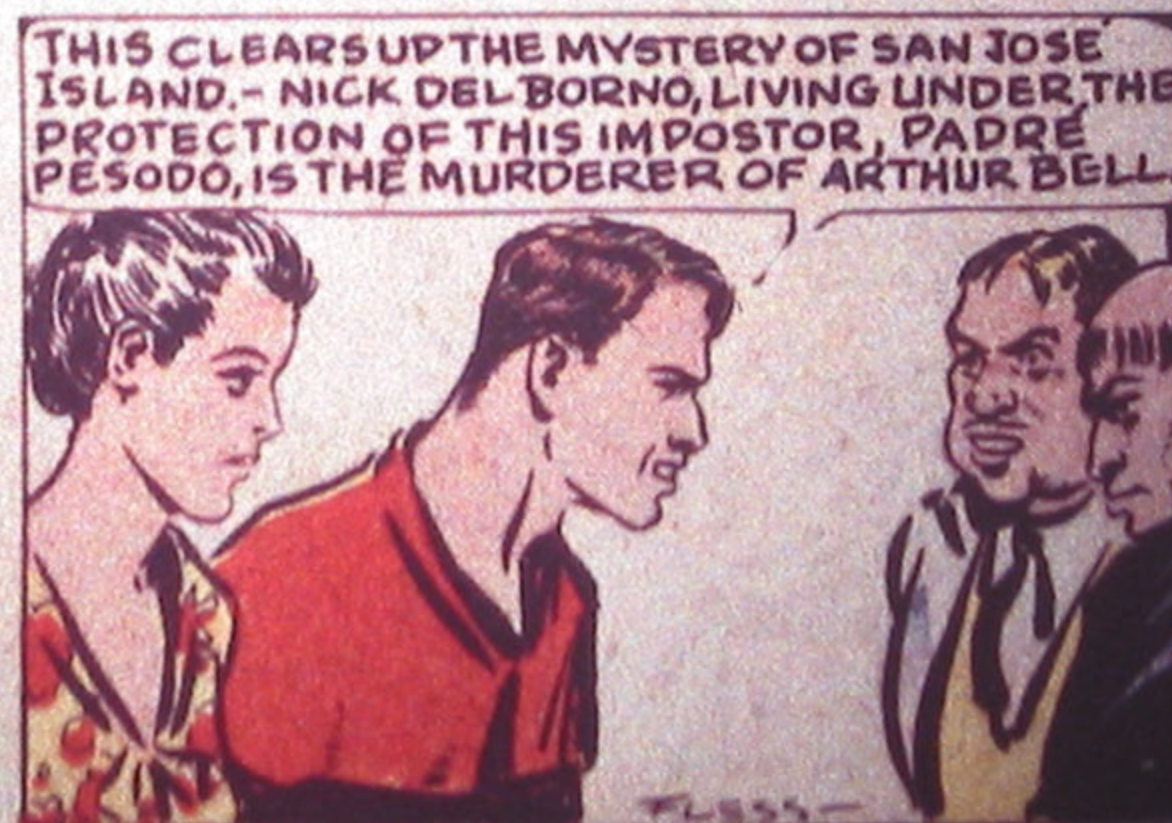
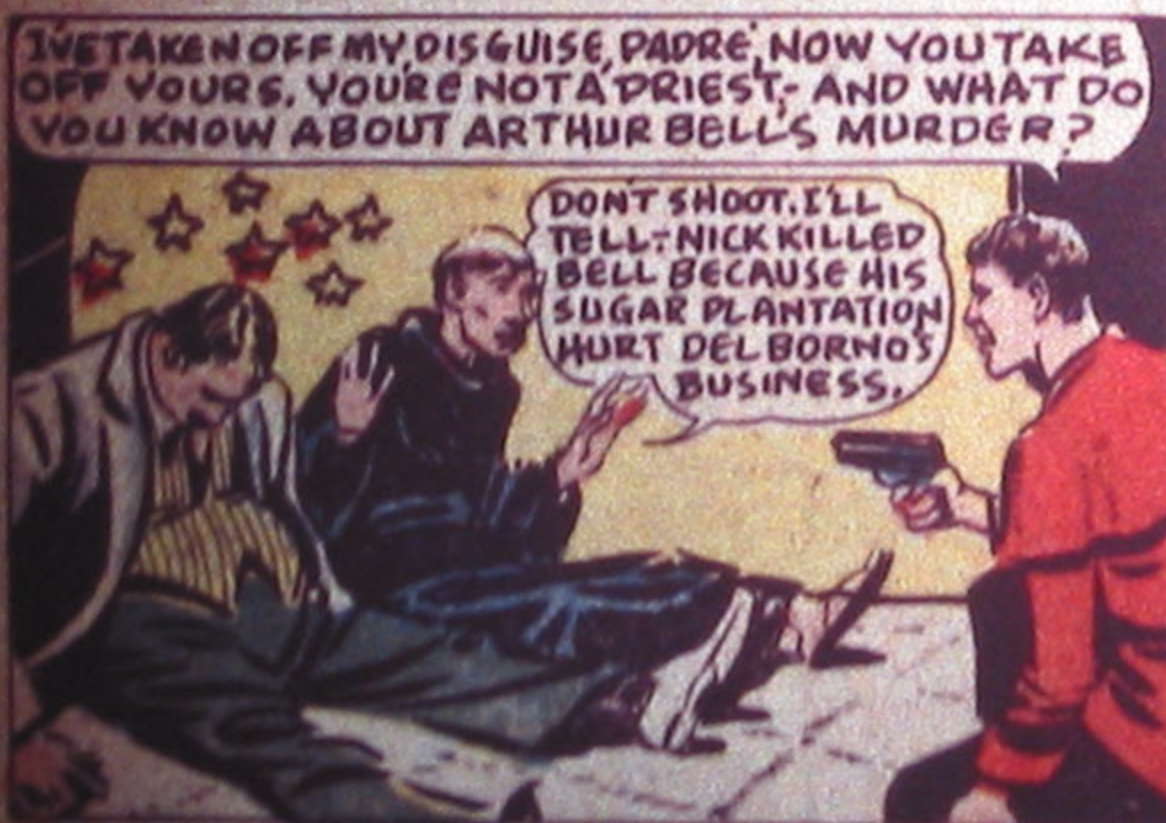
THE BEGGAR REVEALS HIMSELF AS SPEED
SAUNDERS. THE GIRL PROVES TO BE MAY ADAMS,
ALSO A FRIEND OF THE LATE ARTHUR BELL.

WHO ARE
YOU?
SH-H-I WANT TO
TALK WITH YOU.
DON'T BE
AFRAID.

-ER-NICK
DEL BORNO,
WHO IS HE?







COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN



ABOARD THE STEAMSHIP, EMPRESS OF INDIA, COSMO WATCHES THE NEARING SHORE LINE OF THE CITY OF BOMBAY.



2 SIR, THE CAPTAIN WISHES TO SEE YOU IN HIS CABIN.

THE SHIP'S STEWARD TAPS COSMO ON THE SHOULDER.



MILDLY CURIOUS, HE FOLLOWS THE STEWARD TO THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.



4 HELLO, COSMO, COME IN! I'M GLAD YOU ARE WITH US THIS TRIP! YOU'RE THE VERY MAN WE WANT.

HELLO CAPTAIN NELSON! WHAT'S UP?

AT THE DOOR HE IS MET BY THE CAPTAIN.

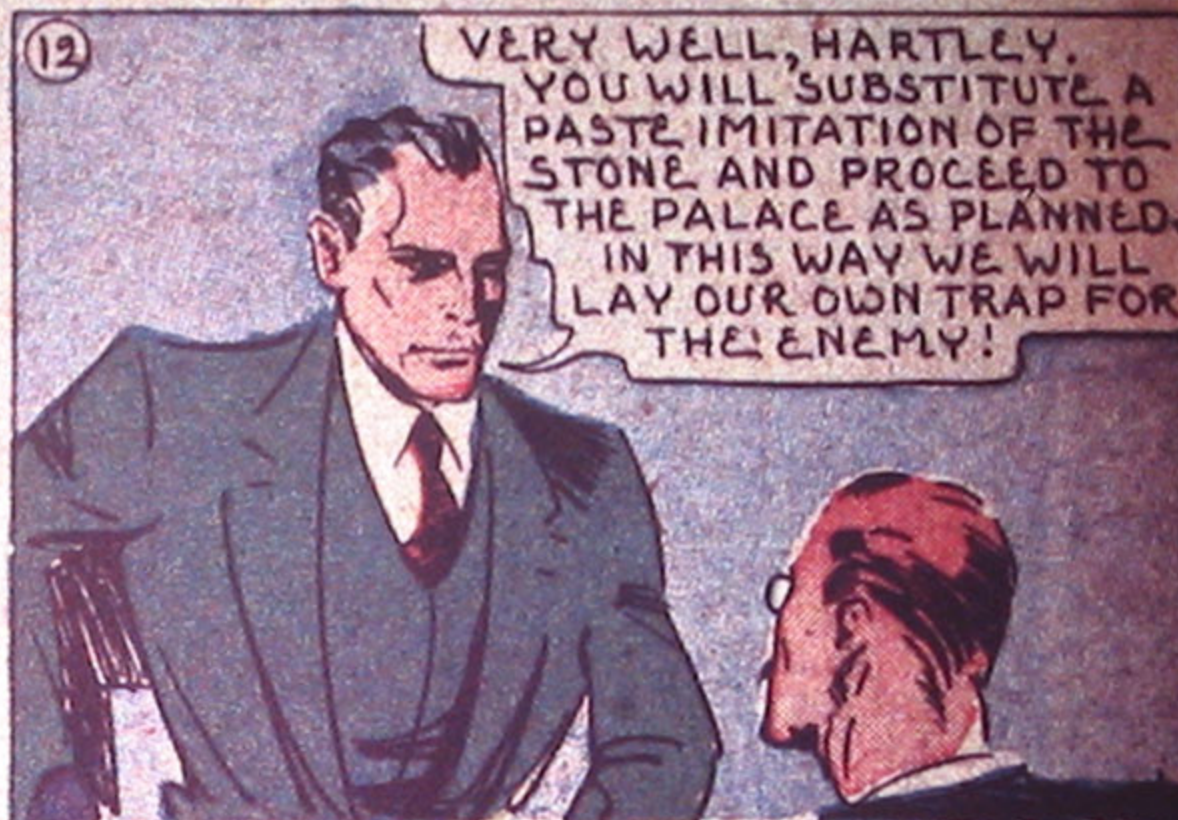
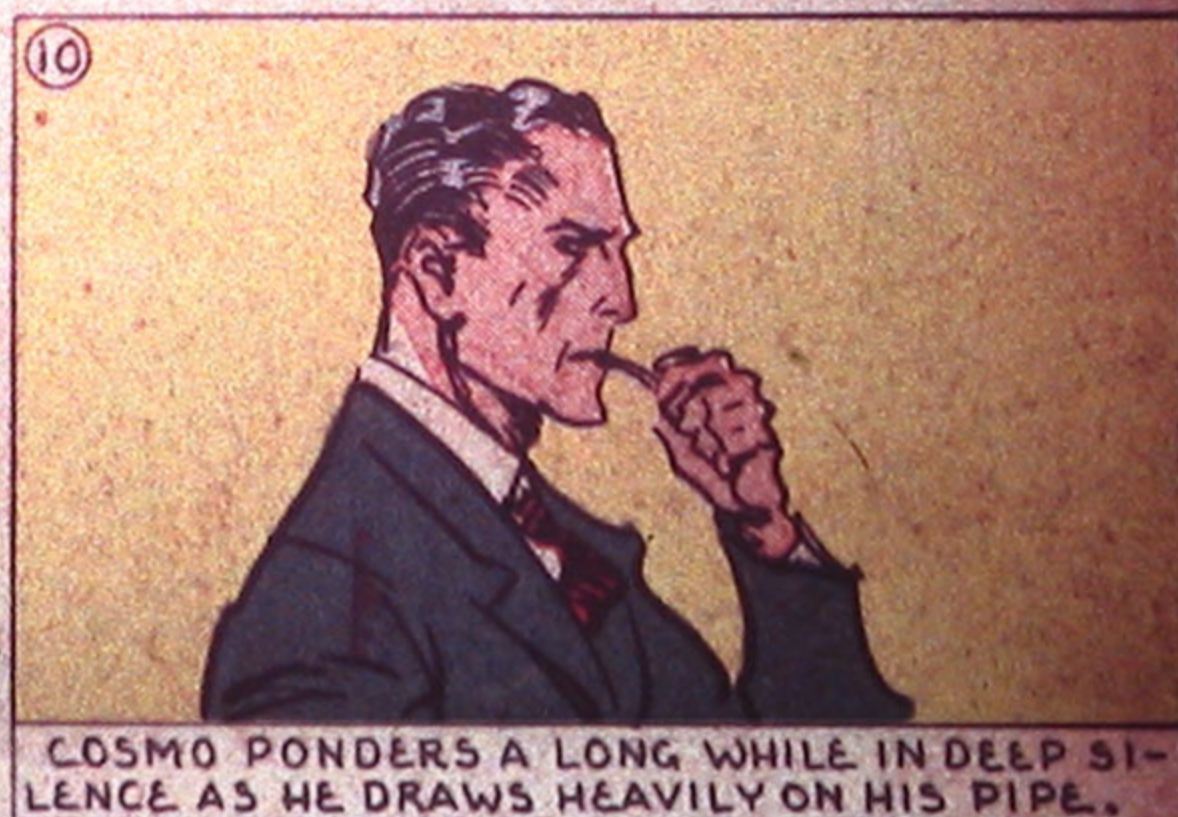


5 COSMO, MAY I INTRODUCE MY FRIEND, MR. PAUL HARTLEY, ONE OF OUR MOST FAMOUS GEM MERCHANTS. I'M SURE HE'LL BE DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU!



6 I AM INDEED FORTUNATE TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE AT SUCH AN OPPORTUNE MOMENT. THERE IS A MATTER OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE IN WHICH I DESIRE YOUR AID.

I SHALL BE GLAD TO BE OF ANY SERVICE TO YOU, MR. HARTLEY!





COSMO MAKES HIS WAY TO A SMALL NEARBY HOTEL.



IN HIS ROOM COSMO UNDRESSES AND DARKENS HIS SKIN WITH A LIQUID STAIN.



OPENING THE PACKAGE, HE DONS THE COSTUME OF A NATIVE, WINDING THE TURBAN ABOUT HIS HEAD.



VERY CAREFULLY COSMO CONCEALS HIS AUTOMATIC IN THE FOLDS OF HIS GARB.



HE CAUTIOUSLY SLIPS FROM THE BUILDING AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE MILLING CROWDS.



PRETENDING TO BE A DEAF MUTE, HE MANAGES TO SECURE TRANSPORTATION WITH AN INLAND CARAVAN.

20 NEARING THE CITY OF DAHAR, COSMO LEAVES THE CARAVAN AND COMPLETES HIS JOURNEY BY OXCART.



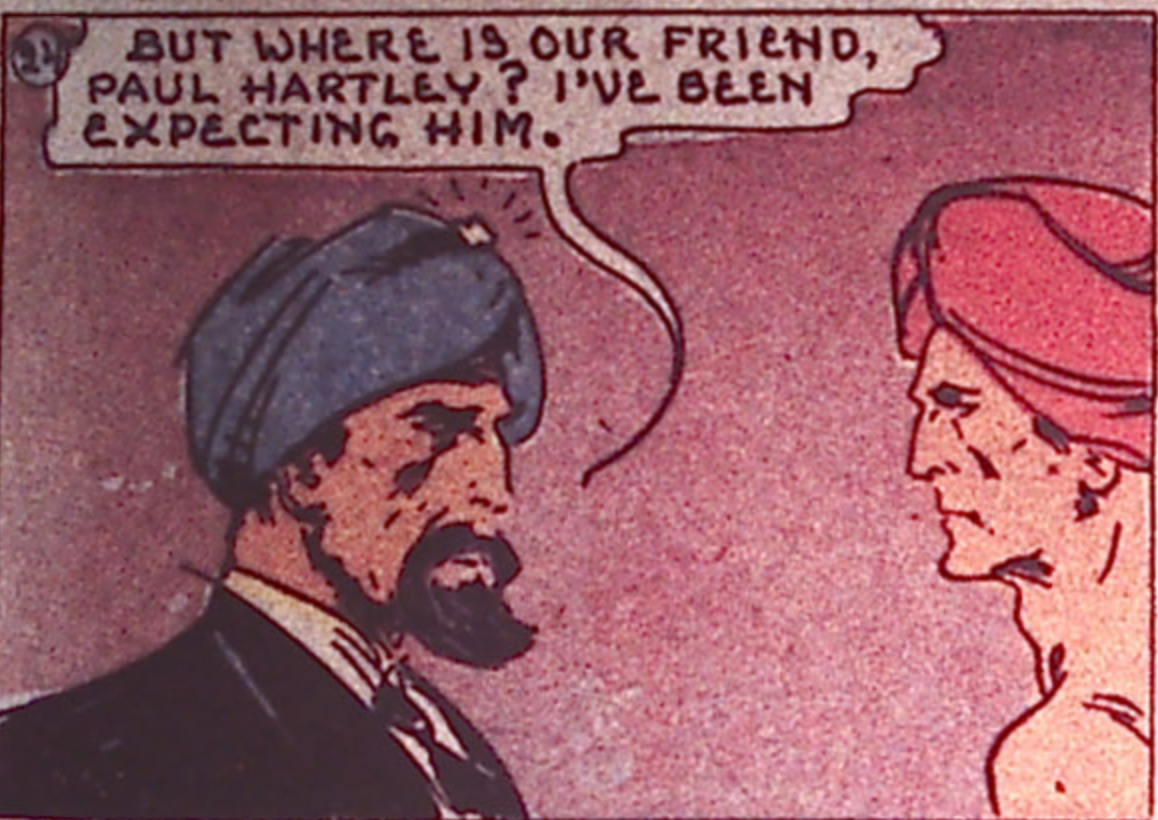
21 AT THE GATES OF THE PALACE, THE RAJAH'S GUARDS, TAKING COSMO FOR A BEGGAR, ATTEMPT TO DRIVE HIM OFF.



COSMO PERSUADES THE GUARDS TO TAKE HARTLEY'S LETTER OF INTRODUCTION TO THEIR MASTER.



THE RAJAH WELCOMES COSMO, APOLOGIZING FOR HIS RUDE RECEPTION.



BUT WHERE IS OUR FRIEND, PAUL HARTLEY? I'VE BEEN EXPECTING HIM.



---SO SINCE I LEFT BOMBAY I'VE HEARD NOTHING OF HARTLEY'S FATE.

MY SOLDIERS ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL. I SHALL DO EVERYTHING TO ASSIST YOU IN APPREHENDING THE CRIMINALS.

COSMO HANDS OVER THE RUBY AND RELATES TO THE RAJAH WHAT HAS HAPPENED.



THANK YOU, IT'S VERY GRACIOUS OF YOU, BUT I BELIEVE I CAN ACCOMPLISH MORE ALONE BY QUIETLY MIXING WITH THE NATIVES.



IN THE MEANTIME

HARTLEY REACHES DAHAR WITHOUT MISHAP AND PUTS UP AT A NATIVE HOTEL.



28
HARTLEY IS UNAWARE THAT TWO EVIL LOOK-
ING NATIVES ARE WATCHING HIM KEENLY FROM
THE SHADOWS OF THE LOBBY.



29
IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS ROOM HE DRESSES FOR
HIS CALL ON THE RAJAH.



30
HE HAILS A CARRIAGE, STANDING NEAR THE ENTRANCE.



31
HARTLEY BECOMES APPREHENSIVE AS THE COACH
PULLS UP AT A DESERTED, SHABBY BUILDING.



32
SUDDENLY THE DRIVER AND TWO OTHER MEN
LEAP UPON HARTLEY.



33
THEY GAG HIM AND PUSH HIM INTO THE OLD
RUIN.



HAND OVER THE RUBY,
HARTLEY, I'M AFRAID THE
RAJAH WILL HAVE TO DO
WITHOUT IT.

34
HE IS BROUGHT BEFORE A BURLY AND COARSE
LOOKING ENGLISHMAN.

35
AT LAST I SHALL LIVE
LIKE A KING!
THIS MUST BE WORTH A
FABULOUS
PRICE!



HARTLEY COMPLIES BY PRODUCING THE CLEVERLY MADE IMITATION.

36



TO INSURE HIS OWN SAFETY, THE ENGLISHMAN CALLS IN THE TWO NATIVES TO DO AWAY WITH HARTLEY.

37



THERE IS A SUDDEN COMMOTION. ONE OF THE NATIVES WHIPS OUT AN AUTOMATIC AND COVERS HUTCHINSON AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

38



WELL, HUTCHINSON!
IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR
LITTLE GAME IS OVER
THIS TIME.
I BELIEVE THE AUTHOR-
ITIES WILL BE VERY
PLEASED TO MEET YOU
TOO!

IT IS COSMO IN DISGUISE.

39



HE TURNS THE CRIMINALS OVER TO THE RAJAH'S SOLDIERS.



40
YOU'VE RENDERED ME A SPLENDID
SERVICE, MY DEAR COSMO.
PLEASE ACCEPT THIS EMERALD
RING AS A TOKEN OF MY GRAT-
ITUDE!

RAJAH DAJ REWARDS COSMO HANDSOMELY FOR HIS BRILLIANT WORK.

Buck MARSHALL

Range Detective

BY H. FLEMING



DEATH MESSAGE

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SEVERAL WEEKS BUCK PULLS UP BEFORE THE OFFICE OF HIS FRIEND, THE SHERIFF, AND SWINGS FROM THE SADDLE -

AS HE IS ABOUT TO TURN THE KNOB, THE DOOR OPENS AND A SHORT, POWERFULLY-BUILT MAN STEPS OUT, FOLLOWED BY THE SHERIFF. UPON SEEING BUCK, THE SHERIFF GRASPS HIS HAND AND INTRODUCES HIM TO THE OTHER MAN -

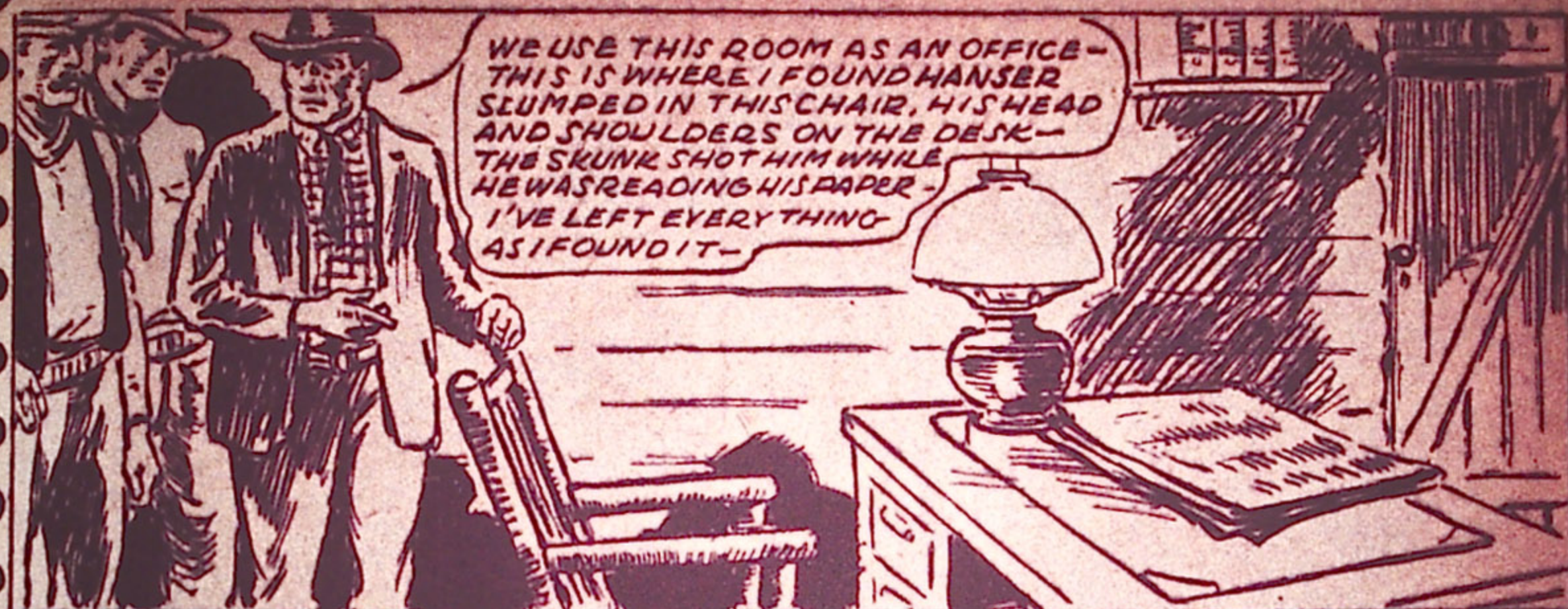
BUCK, I'M GOING UP TO THE DIAMOND V - VANTER HERE TELLS ME HE JUST FOUND HANSER, HIS PARTNER, SHOT IN THE BACK - A COLD BLOODED MURDER - BETTER COME ALONG, I'LL BE NEEDIN' YOU -



BUCK READILY AGREES TO GO WITH THE SHERIFF AND VANTER AND BEFORE LONG THE THREE ARE RIDING DOWN THE WOODED SLOPE LEADING TO THE LOG RANCH HOUSE



THE DIAMOND V RANCH IS A SMALL OUTFIT, BORDERING ON THE ROLLING RANGE - THERE HAS BEEN ILL FEELING BETWEEN THE TWO RANCHES, BECAUSE THE DIAMOND V WILL NOT SELL OUT TO THE LARGER SPREAD, THE PARTNERS, PARTICULARLY HANSER, STEADFASTLY REFUSING TO BE DRIVEN OUT OF THEIR FERTILE LANDS.



WE USE THIS ROOM AS AN OFFICE—
THIS IS WHERE I FOUND HANSER
SLUMPED IN THIS CHAIR, HIS HEAD
AND SHOULDERS ON THE DESK—
THE SKUNK SHOT HIM WHILE
HE WAS READING HIS PAPER—
I'VE LEFT EVERYTHING
AS I FOUND IT—

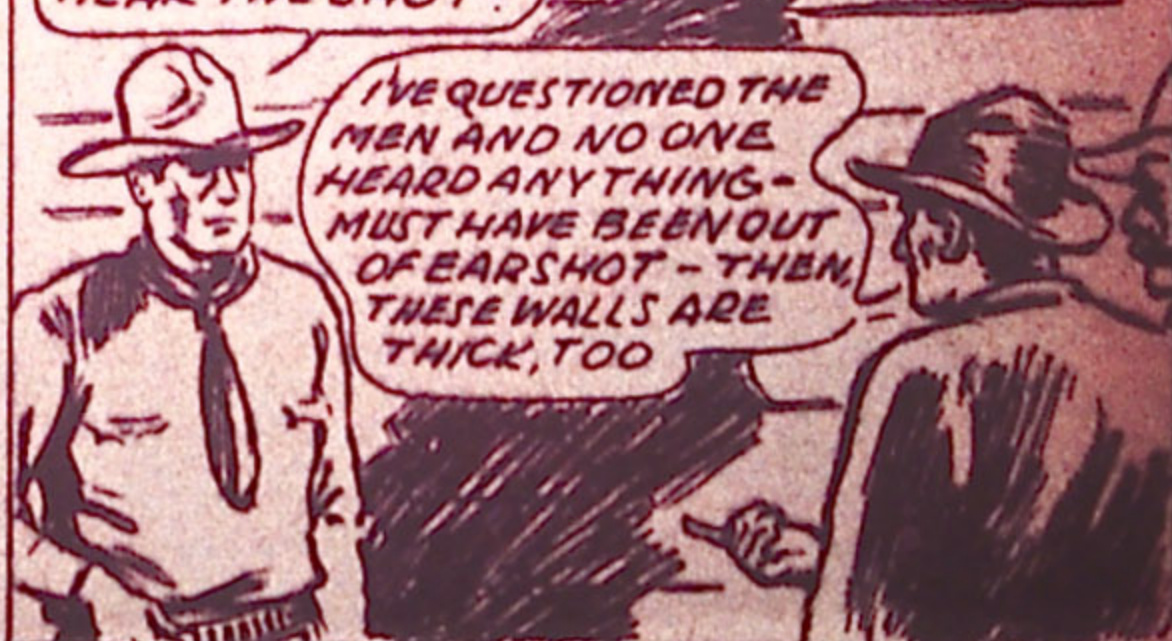
VANTER TAKES THE SHERIFF AND BUCK
INTO ANOTHER ROOM TO LOOK AT THE BODY.

THE BULLET ENTERED UNDER
THE RIGHT SHOULDER BLADE
AND TRAVELLED
UPWARD—



DIDN'T ANYONE
HEAR THE SHOT?

I'VE QUESTIONED THE
MEN AND NO ONE
HEARD ANYTHING—
MUST HAVE BEEN OUT
OF EARSHOT— THEN,
THESE WALLS ARE
THICK, TOO



GOING BACK INTO THE OFFICE, BUCK LOOKS
AT THE DESK— SOME PENCIL MARKS ON THE
MARGIN OF THE NEWSPAPER ATTRACTS
HIS ATTENTION—

I THINK I'LL TAKE
THIS PAPER ALONG
WONDER WHAT THESE
MARKS ARE— I'LL
FIND OUT—



STOOPING DOWN, HE PICKS UP A PENCIL NEAR
A CORNER OF THE DESK

THIS MUST BE
THE PENCIL HE
WAS MAKING
THOSE MARKS
WITH



HOW LONG HAVE YOU
AND HANSER BEEN
RUNNING THE DIAMOND V?

ABOUT A YEAR— SOME YEARS AGO, HANSER HAD BEEN
A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR— THEN A GOLD MINER— MADE
SOME MONEY WHICH HE INVESTED WITH ME IN A HERD—
WE'VE BEEN DISCOURAGED BECAUSE WE HAVE
LOST SO MUCH STOCK TO RUSTLERS, LATELY.



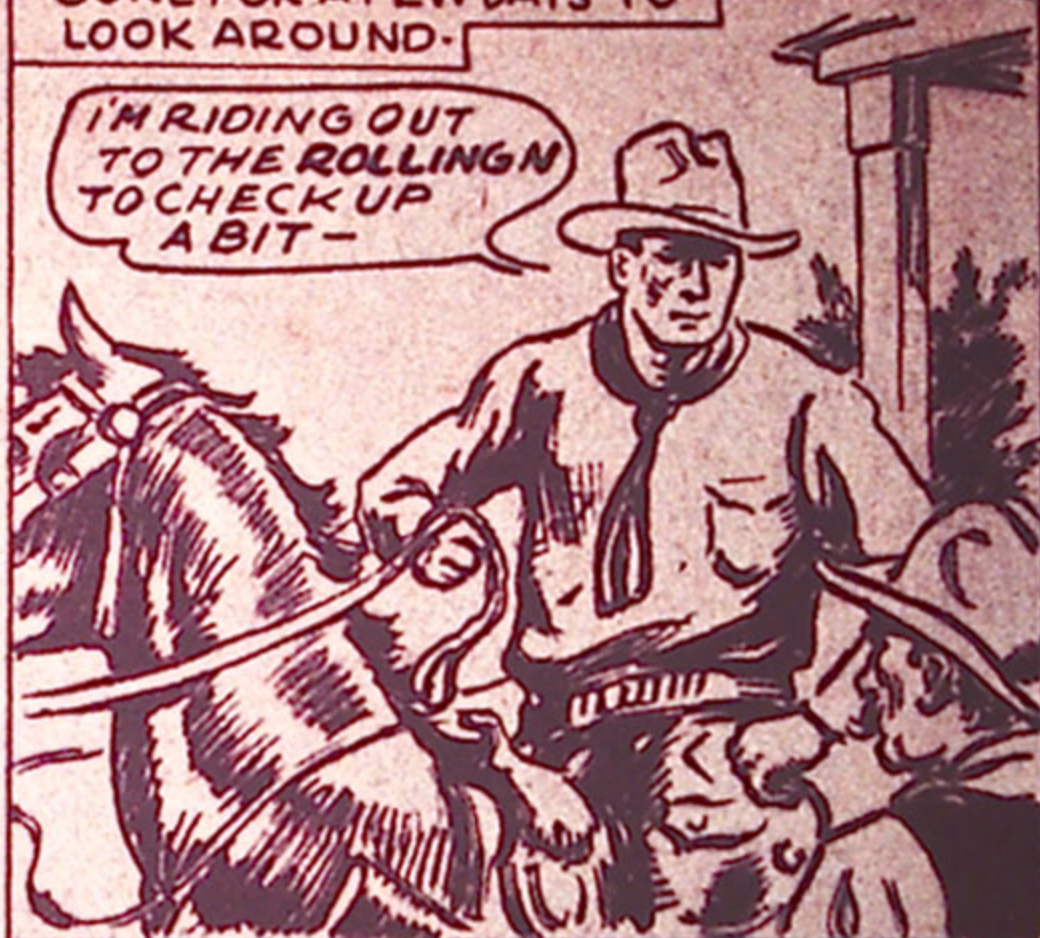
LEAVING THE DIAMOND V, BUCK AND THE SHERIFF HEAD FOR TOWN--

VANTER SUSPECTS DUNN OF THE CIRCLED D BUT IT WILL BE HARD TO GET ANY EVIDENCE CONNECTING HIM WITH IT-- HE SAYS HE'S BEEN IN AN UGLY MOOD SINCE HE WAS NOSED OUT OF A GOVERNMENT CONTRACT



AFTER PACKING A FEW PROVISIONS, BUCK TELLS THE SHERIFF HE'LL BE GONE FOR A FEW DAYS TO LOOK AROUND--

I'M RIDING OUT TO THE ROLLING N TO CHECK UP A BIT--



STOPPING IN AT THE HOTEL, BUCK SEES A MAN WHOM HE RECOGNIZES AS AN EX-CONVICT--

HOW LONG HAS LEFTY LOGAN BEEN AROUND HERE, BEN?

I'D SAY IT'S ABOUT SIX MONTHS THAT HE'S BEEN WITH THE ROLLING N-- HE'S UP AT THE CAMP IN GOPHER VALLEY-- DON'T GET DOWN VERY OFTEN LATELY



WITHOUT DELAY, BUCK HEADS NORTH FOR GOPHER VALLEY



NEARING THE CAMP, BUCK SPOTS THE CABIN AND CORRALS-- LEAVING THE TRAIL HE CIRCLES AROUND TO A WOODED RIDGE, OPPOSITE THE CAMP--

IT'S ABOUT TIME THAT HOMBRE WAS SHOWING UP



IT IS DARK, WHEN BUCK SEES A LIGHT IN THE CABIN AND FIGURES THAT LOGAN HAS RETURNED-- HE CAMPS FOR THE NIGHT UNDER A ROCK LEDGE, BUT IS UP WITH THE DAWN TO WATCH THE CABIN AGAIN--

THERE HE IS NOW GETTING READY TO MAKE HIS ROUNDS--



BUCK WATCHES THE CABIN BUT LOGAN DOES NOT RETURN AGAIN UNTIL DARK--- THE NEXT MORNING, HE SEES HIM RIDE IN THE SAME DIRECTION AND CURIOUS TO KNOW WHY HE SEEMS TO COVER BUT ONE SECTION OF HIS RANGE, HE TRAILS HIM--

HE SEEMS TO BE IN AN ALL-FIRED HURRY TO GET SOME WHERE, THE WAY HE'S PUNCHING THE BREEZE



THE TRAIL NOW LEADING INTO THE OPEN WHERE THERE IS NO COVER, BUCK DISMOUNTS AND WATCHES LOGAN DISAPPEAR INTO AN ARROYO -



DROPPING TO THE GROUND, BUCK ROLLS BACK OF A BOULDER AS ANOTHER SHOT SHOWERS HIM WITH ROCK SPLINTERS -

SOME JASPER'S ON MY TRAIL!



WAITING UNTIL HE IS CONVINCED THAT HE HAS PERMANENTLY SILENCED HIS UNSEEN ENEMY, BUCK SWINGS INTO HIS SADDLE AND HEADS DOWN THE SLOPE, AWAY FROM THE TRAIL -



TO AVOID BEING SEEN, BUCK FINDS THAT HE WILL HAVE TO CIRCLE AROUND - AS HE STARTS FOR HIS HORSE, SUDDENLY, THERE'S THE CRACK OF A RIFLE AND A BULLET RIPS THROUGH HIS HAT, GRAZING HIS SCALP!



ANOTHER SHOT FROM HIS HIDDEN FOE, THEN THE FLAME LEAPS FROM BUCK'S GUN, AS HE PLANTS A BULLET IN RETURN!

HERE'S MY ANSWER - HOMBRE!



HEADING HIS HORSE AWAY FROM THE TRAIL, IN A WIDE SWING, BUCK FINALLY PICKS UP LOGAN'S TRACKS AGAIN -

YONDER, IS ABOUT WHERE I SAW HIM GO DOWN INTO THE CUT -



HIDING HIS HORSE IN A THICKET, BUCK MAKES HIS WAY ON FOOT TO THE EDGE OF THE ARROYO - LOOKING DOWN INTO THE CUT, HE SEES A TENT AND A CORRAL

THERE'S LOGAN AND ANOTHER GENT DOWN THERE - THEY'RE SEWING UP BALES OF GREEN HIDES IN BURLAP



BUCK WATCHES WHILE THE TWO MEN LOAD
PACK HORSES WITH MEAT AND HIDES FROM
FRESHLY SLAUGHTERED STEERS---



THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS HE MAKES OUT
THE DIAMOND V BRAND ON SOME OF THE HIDES
UNDER COVER OF ROCKS AND BRUSH, HE
MAKES HIS WAY DOWN THE SIDE OF THE CUT.



COMING AROUND IN BACK OF THE RUSTLERS
BUCK SUDDENLY STEPS FORWARD COVERING
THE TWO WITH HIS GUN--

UP WITH YOUR
HANDS AND
DON'T TRY
ANYTHING
FUNNY!



FORCING HIS PRISONERS TO MOUNT, BUCK
BINDS THEIR ARMS AND FASTENS THEM IN
THEIR SADDLES-- STRINGING THE
PACK HORSES TOGETHER, HE STARTS THEM
OFF TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE---



ARRIVING AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, BUCK
MARCHES HIS PRISONERS IN--

SHERIFF, I'VE GOT YOUR RUSTLERS--
CAUGHT THEM RED-HANDED-- MAKING
BEEF OUT OF DIAMOND V STEERS-- LOGAN,
HERE, AND THIS OTHER COYOTE, BELONG TO
A GANG THAT SUPPLIES CROOKED
MEAT PACKERS-- LOGAN JUST
SERVED A TERM FOR RUSTLING
UNDER THE NAME OF JIM WADE
THAT'S WHY I GOT ON HIS
TRAIL--



GOOD WORK, BUCK!
VANTER'S BODY WAS BROUGHT
IN, AN HOUR AGO-- HE WAS FOUND
BEHIND A CLUMP OF BUSHES UP
NEAR GODNER VALLEY
SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD!



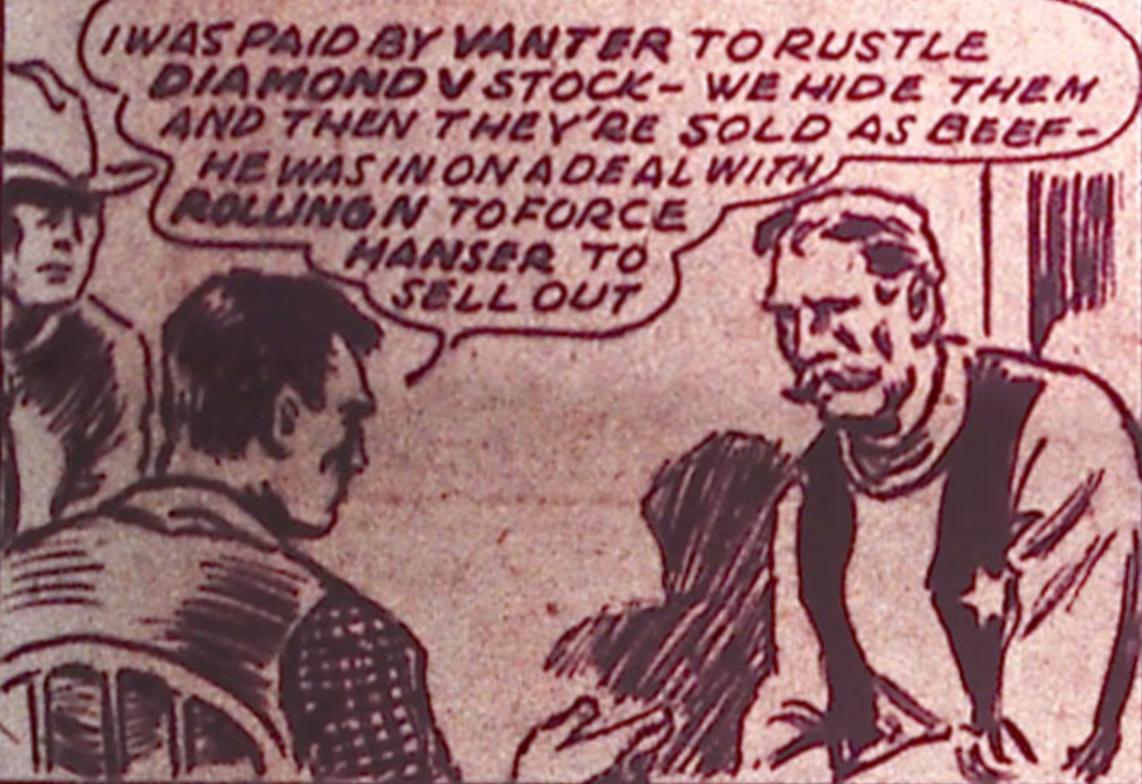
AFTER THE PRISONERS ARE PUT IN A CELL, BUCK REPORTS TO THE SHERIFF

SOMEONE TRIED TO DRY-
GULCH ME THIS MORNING -
I KNOW NOW THAT IT WAS
VANter



AFTER A HARD GRILLING BY BUCK AND THE SHERIFF, LOGAN TELLS ALL...

I WAS PAID BY VANter TO RUSTLE
DIAMOND & STOCK - WE HIDE THEM
AND THEN THEY'RE SOLD AS BEEF -
HE WAS IN ON A DEAL WITH
ROLLING N TO FORCE
HANser TO
SELL OUT



HANser WAS READING THIS NEWSPAPER
WHEN HE WAS SHOT FROM THE DOOR BEHIND
HIM - HE SAW HIS ASSASSIN AND LIVED A FEW
MINUTES AFTER HE WAS SHOT -

HIS RIGHT ARM HELPLESS, HE WROTE A
CODE MESSAGE WITH HIS LEFT HAND ON THE
MARGIN OF THIS NEWSPAPER - HE HAD
BEEN A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR -
THE MESSAGE DECODED READS - "VANter
SHOT ME"

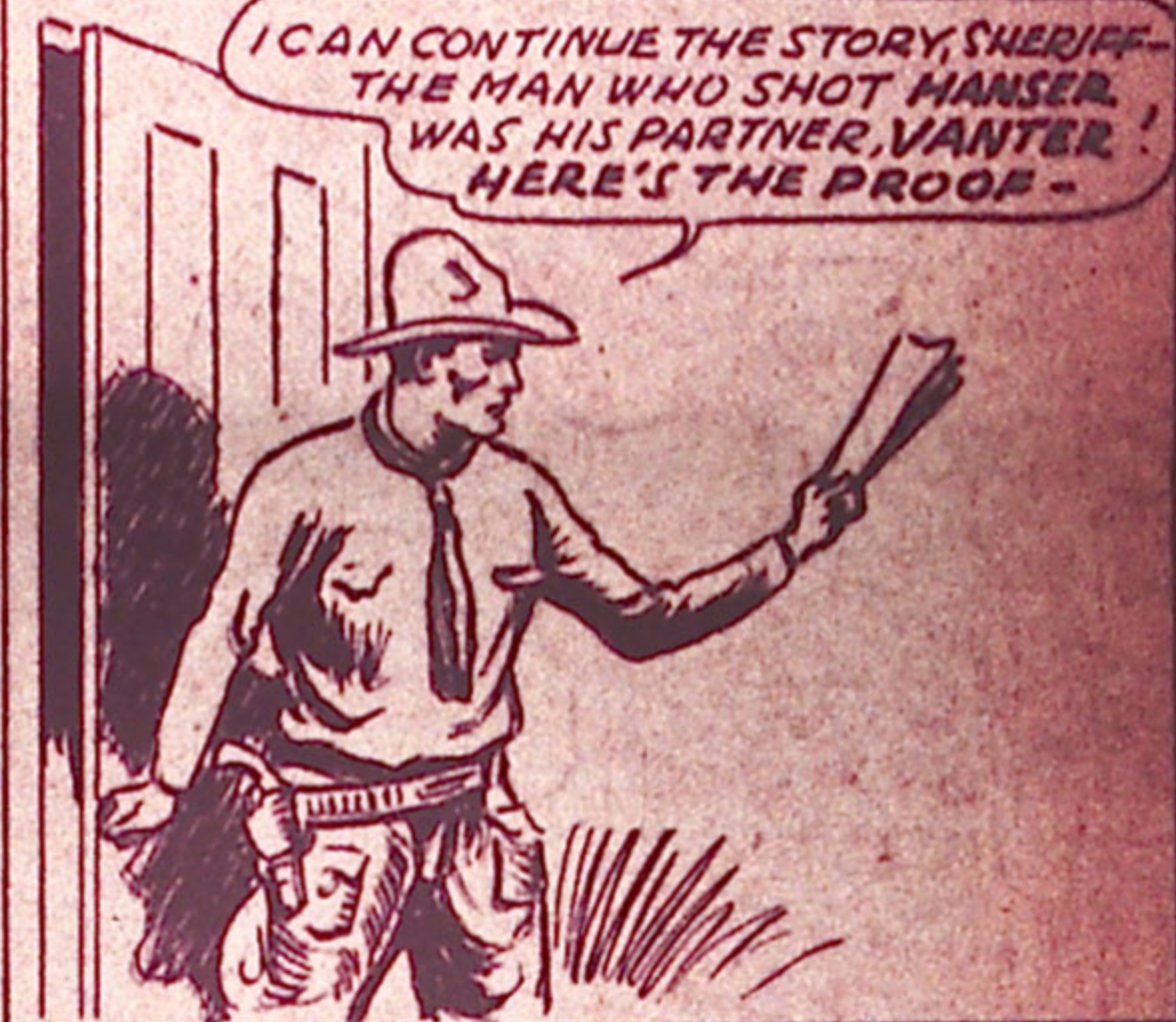


WHY, BUCK, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE
THAT I'VE BEEN SO COMPLETELY
FOOLED - I'LL BRING LOGAN IN AGAIN
AND WE'LL SWEAT HIM!



WHILE THE SHERIFF IS STILL QUESTIONING
LOGAN, REGARDING HANser'S SHOOTING,
BUCK STEPS OUT TO HIS HORSE AND TAKES
A FOLDED NEWSPAPER FROM HIS BED-ROLL.

I CAN CONTINUE THE STORY, SHERIFF -
THE MAN WHO SHOT HANser
WAS HIS PARTNER, VANter!
HERE'S THE PROOF -



BUCK, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE SOLVED
THIS CASE - WITH THIS DAMAGING
EVIDENCE IT TOUGHT TO BE EASY TO
DRIVE THE ROLLING N AND OTHER
CROOKED OUTFITS OUT OF THESE PARTS -



THE CLAWS OF THE



by TOM HICKEY

RED DRAGON

IT IS VON HOLTZENDORFF.
CAN YOU BEAT THAT! WHO'S THE
OTHER PERSON IN THE CAR? CAN
IT BE SIGRID?

BUT THE THIRD PERSON TO STEP FROM
THE CAR WAS A BURLY CHINESE HOLDING
THE END OF A STEEL CHAIN.

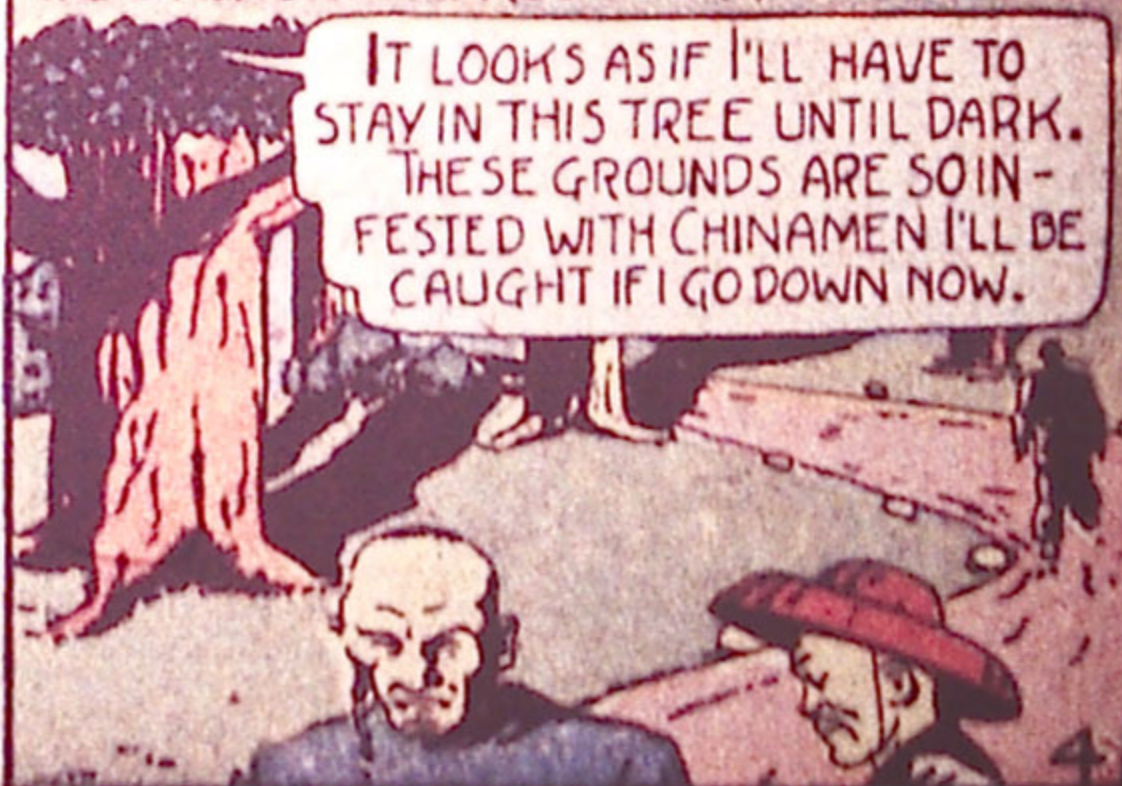


FOR THE FIRST TIME NELSON SAW THAT SIGRID'S
FATHER HAD HIS HANDS HANDCUFFED BEHIND
HIS BACK. THE CHAIN WAS ATTACHED TO THESE.



THE 3 MEN DISAPPEARED INTO THE HOUSE.

IT LOOKS AS IF I'LL HAVE TO
STAY IN THIS TREE UNTIL DARK.
THESE GROUNDS ARE SO IN-
FESTED WITH CHINAMEN I'LL BE
CAUGHT IF I GO DOWN NOW.



DACK IN NEW YORK THE STORY OF THE SENSATIONAL KIDNAPPING HAD BROKEN. CROWDS READ THE NEWSPAPERS EAGERLY.

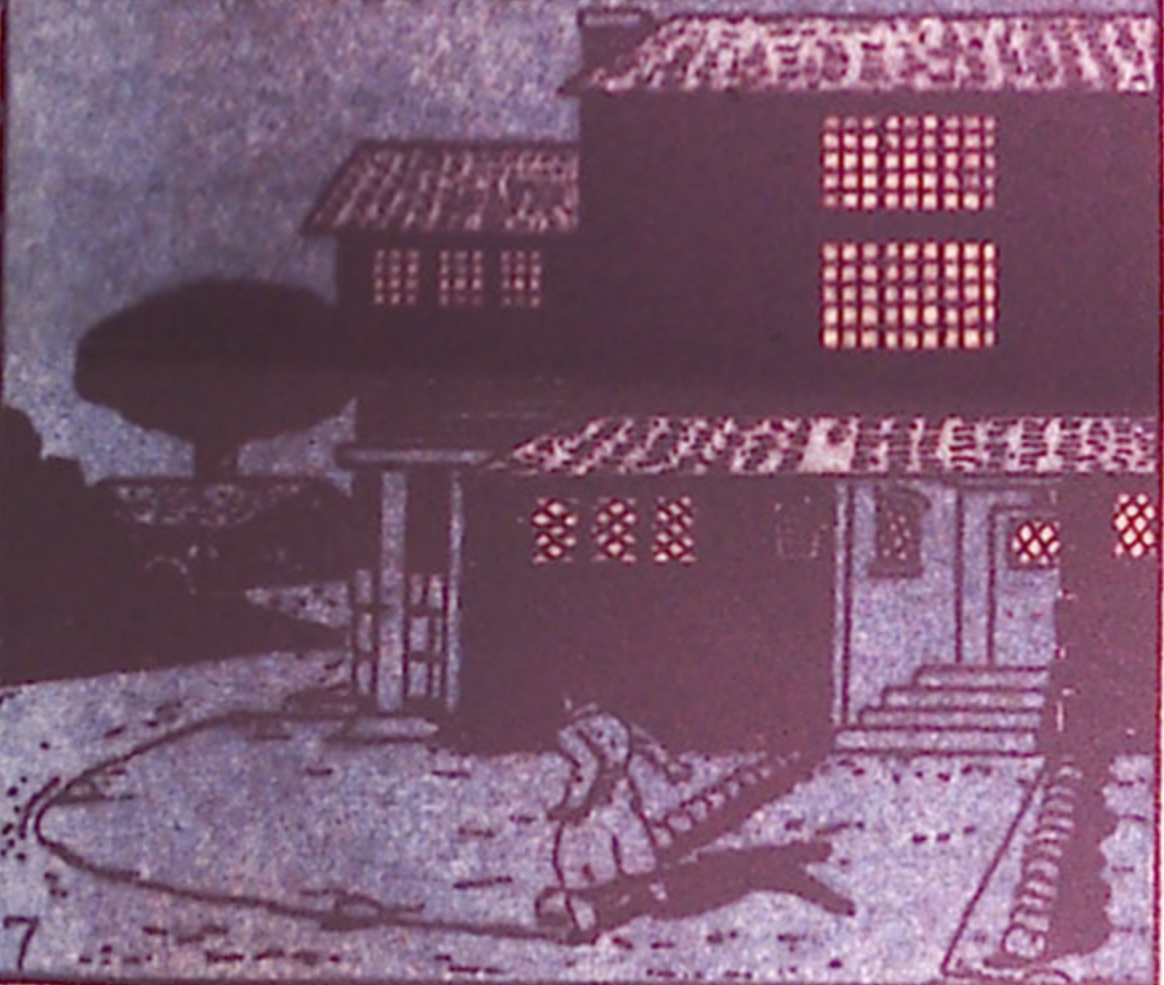


I GUESS IT'S DARK ENOUGH TO CLIMB DOWN NOW. I'M GOING TO TRY AND GET IN THAT HOUSE.

6



HE MADE HIS WAY CAUTIOUSLY ACROSS THE LAWN TOWARDS THE HOUSE.



HERE'S THE CELLAR DOOR. LET'S HOPE IT'S OPEN.

8



SUCCESS! AND IT LOOKS AS IF THE COAST IS CLEAR. WELL, HERE GOES.

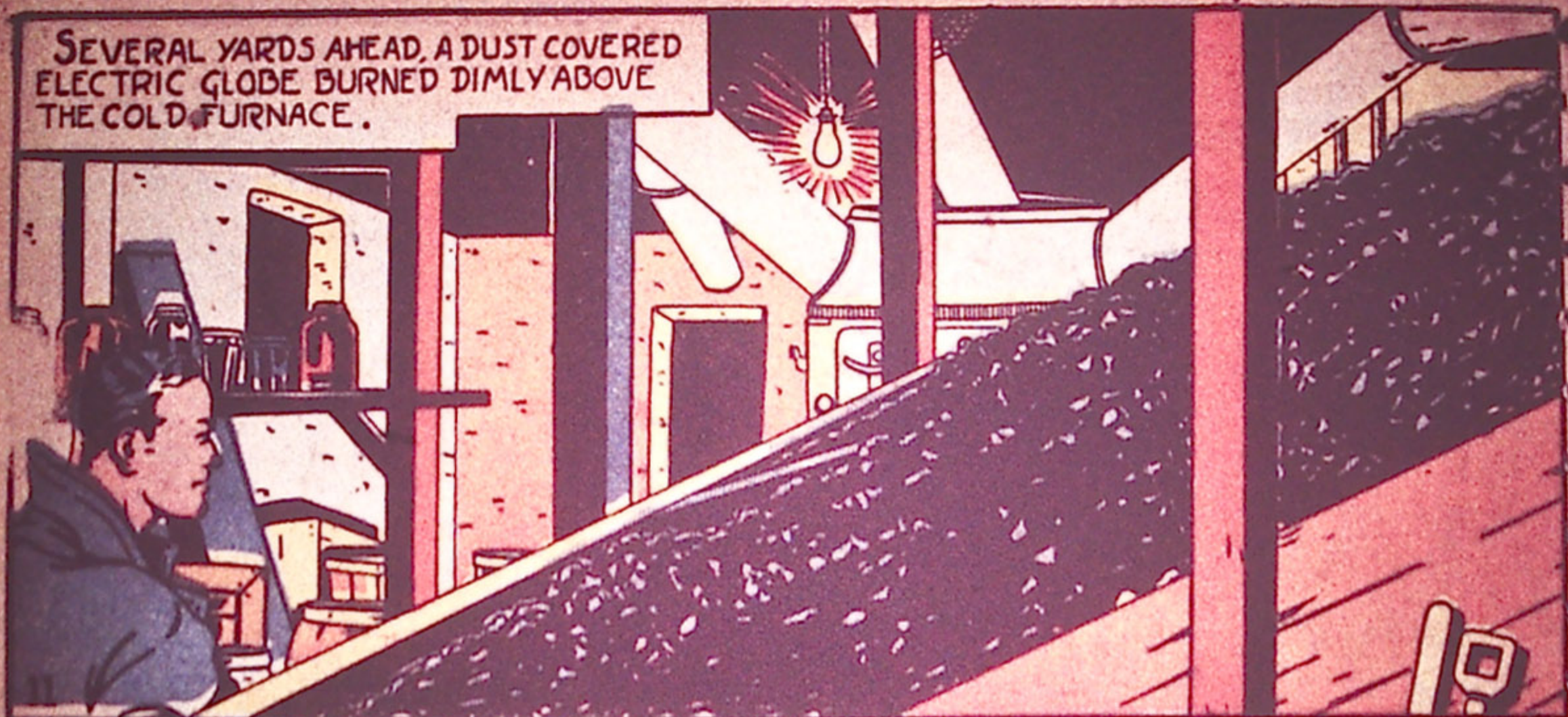


I WISH I HAD A FLASH LIGHT. IT'S SORT OF DARK IN HERE.

10



SEVERAL YARDS AHEAD, A DUST COVERED
ELECTRIC GLOBE BURNED DIMLY ABOVE
THE COLD FURNACE.



MOVING FORWARD WITH HIS EYES ON THE LIGHT,
NELSON SUDDENLY STUMBLED AND NEARLY FELL.

WHAT TH'!



12

GOOD NIGHT! A BODY!
THIS MAN HAS BEEN MURDERED.



13

SLASHED IN THE NECK, POOR DEVIL!



14

THIS JOB WAS PULLED RECENTLY.
HIS BODY IS STILL WARM AND LIMP.
I'D BETTER WATCH MY STEP. THE
MURDERER MAY STILL BE IN
THIS CELLAR.



15

CAUTIOUSLY HE CREPT ACROSS THE CELLAR FLOOR TOWARDS A STAIRWAY.



SUDDENLY THE SILENCE WAS BROKEN BY THE CRASH OF FALLING BOXES IN A DARK CORNER. HE GRABBED INSTINCTIVELY FOR HIS EMPTY GUN.

OK! COME AND GET IT.



BUT IT PROVED TO BE ONLY A LARGE BLACK CAT WHICH SCAMPERED ACROSS THE FLOOR.



WHEW! WHAT NEXT? TALK ABOUT A HOUSE OF HORRORS. IT'S A GOOD THING I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS. — WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT'S UP THIS STAIRWAY.



HOLY CATS! ANOTHER DEAD CHINK.



HE WAS MURDERED THE SAME WAY AS THE OTHER ONE, AND RECENTLY TOO. I WONDER IF HE HAS A WEAPON ON HIM?



NELSON HASTILY SEARCHED THE LIMP FIGURE.

AH! A BREAK AT LAST. A FULLY LOADED AUTOMATIC.



HE STEPPED OVER THE HORRIFYING SIGHT AND REACHED THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. HE OPENED THE DOOR CAUTIOUSLY.



THE ENTRANCE CAME OUT DIRECTLY UNDER THE GRAND STAIRCASE IN THE MAIN ENTRANCE HALL OF THE LARGE COUNTRY HOUSE.



THE ONLY PERSON IN SIGHT WAS A MAN STANDING AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE LOOKING OUT. HIS BACK TO THE STAIRCASE.



IF SIGRID AND HER FATHER ARE BEING HELD HERE THEY'RE PROBABLY UPSTAIRS. I WONDER IF I COULD GET UP THOSE STAIRS WITHOUT THAT BIRD SPOTTING ME?



WELL I'LL GIVE IT THE
OLD COLLEGE TRY ANYHOW.



27



28

SO FAR, SO GOOD



29

AT LAST NELSON REACHED THE FOOT OF THE
STAIRCASE AND TURNED TO CLIMB ITS BROAD STEPS.
SUDDENLY HE DUCKED BACK.

HOLY SMOKE!



30

MEN WERE DESCENDING THE STAIRCASE, TWO OR
THREE JUDGING BY THEIR VOICES. IN A SECOND THEY
WOULD ROUND THE TURN ABOVE AND SEE HIM.



31

NELSON, YOU HAD BETTER
GET OUT OF SIGHT QUICK OR
YOUR NAME WILL BE MUD.

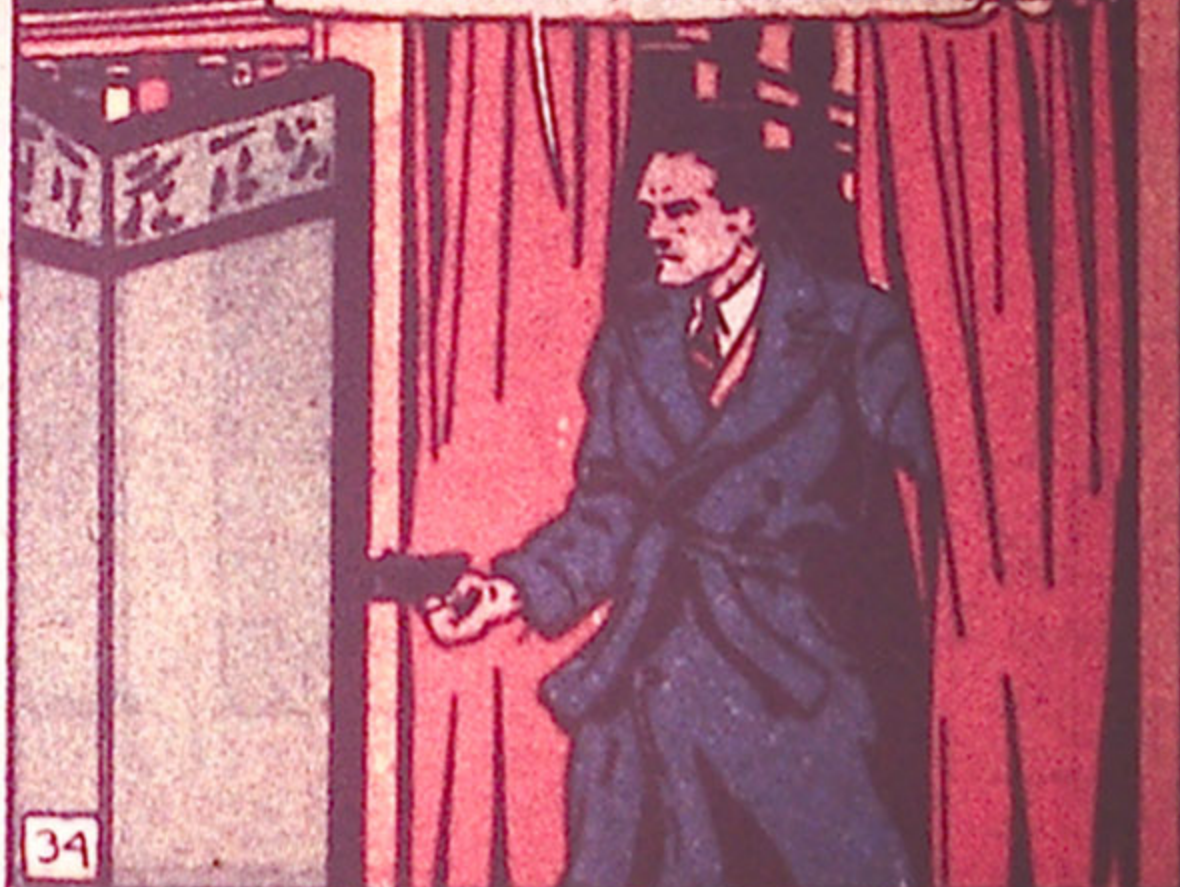


32

HE DUCKED QUICKLY INTO THE NEAREST DOORWAY, WHICH HAPPENED TO LEAD TO THE LIBRARY.



AH! A SCREEN. ALWAYS A HANDY THING TO HIDE BEHIND.



THE VOICES ON THE STAIRWAY CAME NEARER. THEY PAUSED A SECOND OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF THE LIBRARY.



ONE MAN WENT ON DOWN THE HALLWAY. THE OTHER TWO TURNED INTO THE LIBRARY.



ONE OF THE MEN WAS JOSEPH STUCCHI, THE OTHER THE TALL CHINESE WHO HAD ARRIVED WITH VON HOLTZENDORFF.

COME, I WILL SHOW IT TO YOU.



THE CHINESE STRODE ACROSS THE ROOM TO THE FIREPLACE, ABOVE WHICH HE LIFTED A VASE AND SET IT ASIDE AND PRESSED SOME SPRING IN THE WALL.



A SMALL PANEL OPENED OUTWARDS, DISCLOSING A WALL SAFE SET BEHIND IT.



THE CHINESE TWIRLED THE KNOB A BIT, BACKWARDS AND FORWARD SEVERAL TIMES, THE DOOR OF THE WALL SAFE CLICKED AND SLOWLY SWUNG OPEN.



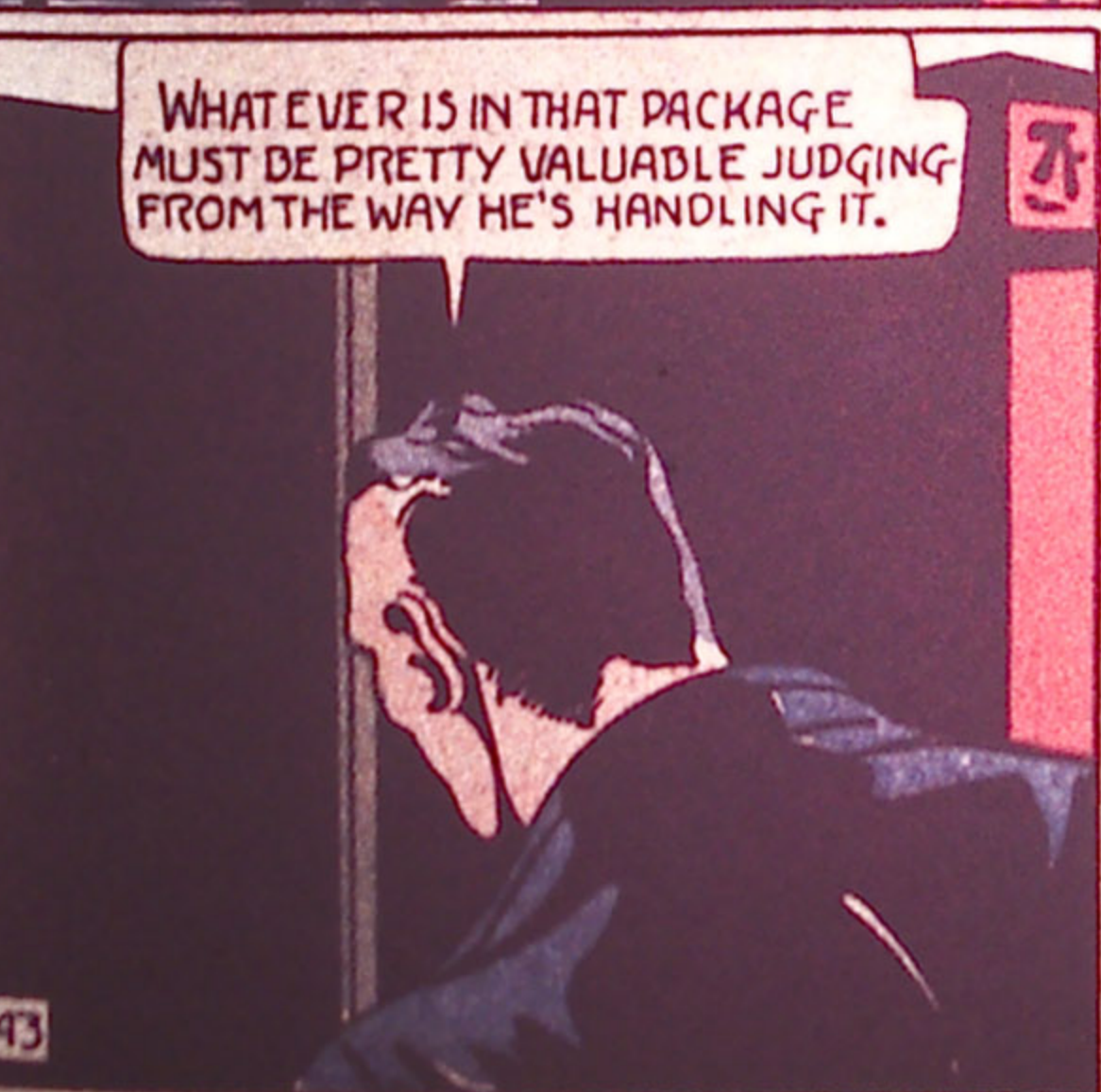
NELSON WATCHED THE PROCEEDINGS THRU THE OPENINGS IN THE SCREEN.



THE CHINESE DREW FORTH A SMALL, SILK WRAPPED PACKAGE AND PLACED IT CAREFULLY ON THE TABLE.



WHATEVER IS IN THAT PACKAGE MUST BE PRETTY VALUABLE JUDGING FROM THE WAY HE'S HANDLING IT.



ANOTHER CHINESE ENTERED AT THIS MOMENT, BOWED AND SAID SOMETHING IN A LOW TONE TO THE MAN WITH THE PACKAGE.



HE NODDED BRIEFLY AND HURRIEDLY RETURNED THE SILKEN PACKAGE TO THE WALL SAFE.

DARN IT! I WANTED TO SEE WHAT WAS IN THAT THING.

45

JUST AT THAT MOMENT THE INSISTENT NOTES OF A SILVER GONG ECHOED MUSICALLY THRU THE HOUSE.

THE MASTER IS IN A HURRY. YOU WILL SEE IT LATER. COME!

46

HE HURRIED OUT OF THE LIBRARY AND UP THE STAIRS. STUCCHI GLANCED ABOUT THE ROOM, THEN SWITCHED OFF THE LIGHTS AND FOLLOWED.

I DIDN'T HEAR THE LOCK ON THAT SAFE. I'LL BET IN HIS HASTE HE LEFT IT OPEN. I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE.

48

I WAS RIGHT. IT IS OPEN. NOW FOR THAT PACKAGE.

HE HASTILY WITHDREW THE PACKAGE AND RETREATED TO HIS HIDING PLACE BEHIND THE SCREEN.

THIS INNOCENT LOOKING LITTLE PACKAGE MAY HAVE A DEFINITE BEARING ON THIS CASE.
— WHO CAN TELL?

50

HE UNBOUND THE CORD AND SILKEN WRAPPING

IT'S TOO DARK BACK HERE TO SEE WHAT THIS IS. IT HAS ALL THE SMOOTHNESS OF A PIECE OF JADE.

51



IF I COULD GET OVER THERE IN THE LIGHT FROM THAT DOORWAY, MAYBE I COULD MAKE IT OUT.

52



BUT HE ONLY MADE ONE STEP FORWARD INTO THE ROOM BEFORE HE SILENTLY WITHDREW AGAIN INTO THE SHADOWS. —

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE.

53



— FOR A VAGUE FORM HAD FLITTED AS NOISELESSLY AS A BAT THRU THE OPEN DOORWAY.

54



IT WENT DIRECTLY TO THE WALL SAFE. NELSON HEARD A FAINT GASP OF SURPRISE AS HE DISCOVERED THE PACKAGE MISSING.

THEN, AS NOISELESSLY AS IT HAD COME IT DEPARTED AGAIN, DISAPPEARING LIKE A SHADOW THRU THE OPEN DOORWAY.

THIS ROOM IS GETTING AS DUSY AS TIMES SQUARE.

55



WELL, I'LL TRY AGAIN
TO GET A LOOK AT THIS.

57



THIS TIME HE WAS UNINTERRUPTED, AND THE
LIGHT FROM THE DOOR FELL FULL ON A BEAUTI-
FULLY CARVED PIECE OF RED JADE SET IN A
WOOD FRAME AND IN THE SHAPE OF A SEVEN
CLAWED DRAGON. BUT THE DRAGON LACKED
TWO OF ITS SEVEN CLAWED FEET.

58



IN HIS INTEREST AND EXCITEMENT HE HAD FOR-
GOTTEN THE HALLWAY BEHIND HIM BUT WAS SUDDENLY
MADE AWARE OF IT BY SOME SIXTH SENSE WHICH
WARNED HIM OF DANGER.

59



PEERING INTO THE HALL HE SAW WHAT SEEMED TO
BE THAT SAME FLITTING SHADOW OF A FEW MOMENTS
AGO, STEALING UP BEHIND THE SENTRY AT THE DOOR.

60



THE SENTRY STIRRED AND SHIFTED HIS POSITION,
THE SHADOWY FIGURE BEHIND HIM FROZE INTO
IMMOBILITY.

61



WHEN ALL SEEMED QUIET THE FIGURE RESUMED
ITS APPROACH, CREEPING FORWARD AS RELENTLESS
AS FATE ITSELF.

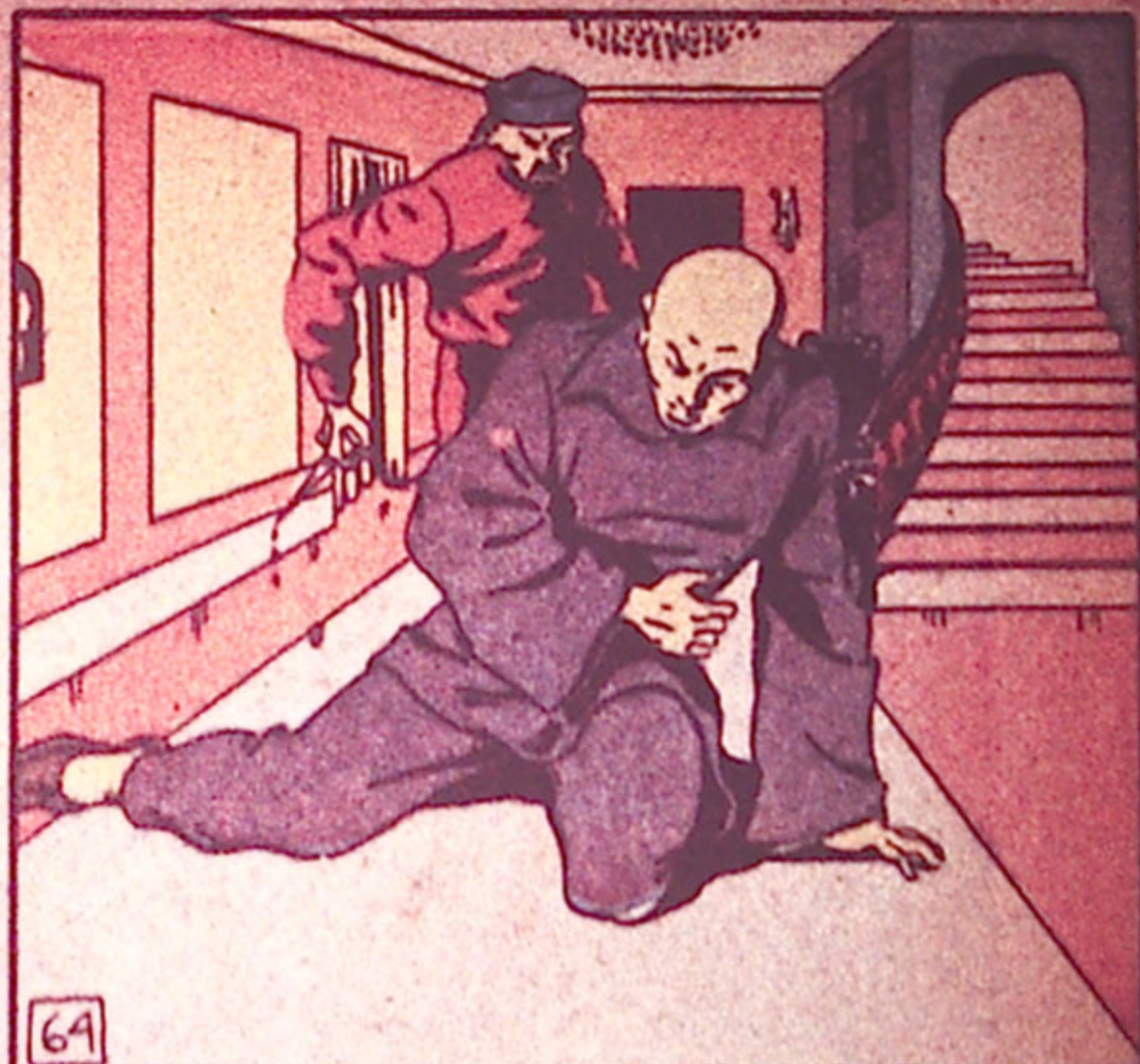
62



SUDDENLY THE FIGURE LEAPED. THERE WAS A SLIGHT THUD, A MOANING SORT OF GURGLE FROM THE SENTRY AND THE MAN TOPPLED SLOWLY TO THE FLOOR.



63



64

THE ASSASSIN FLITTED AWAY AS QUICKLY AS HE HAD COME.



65

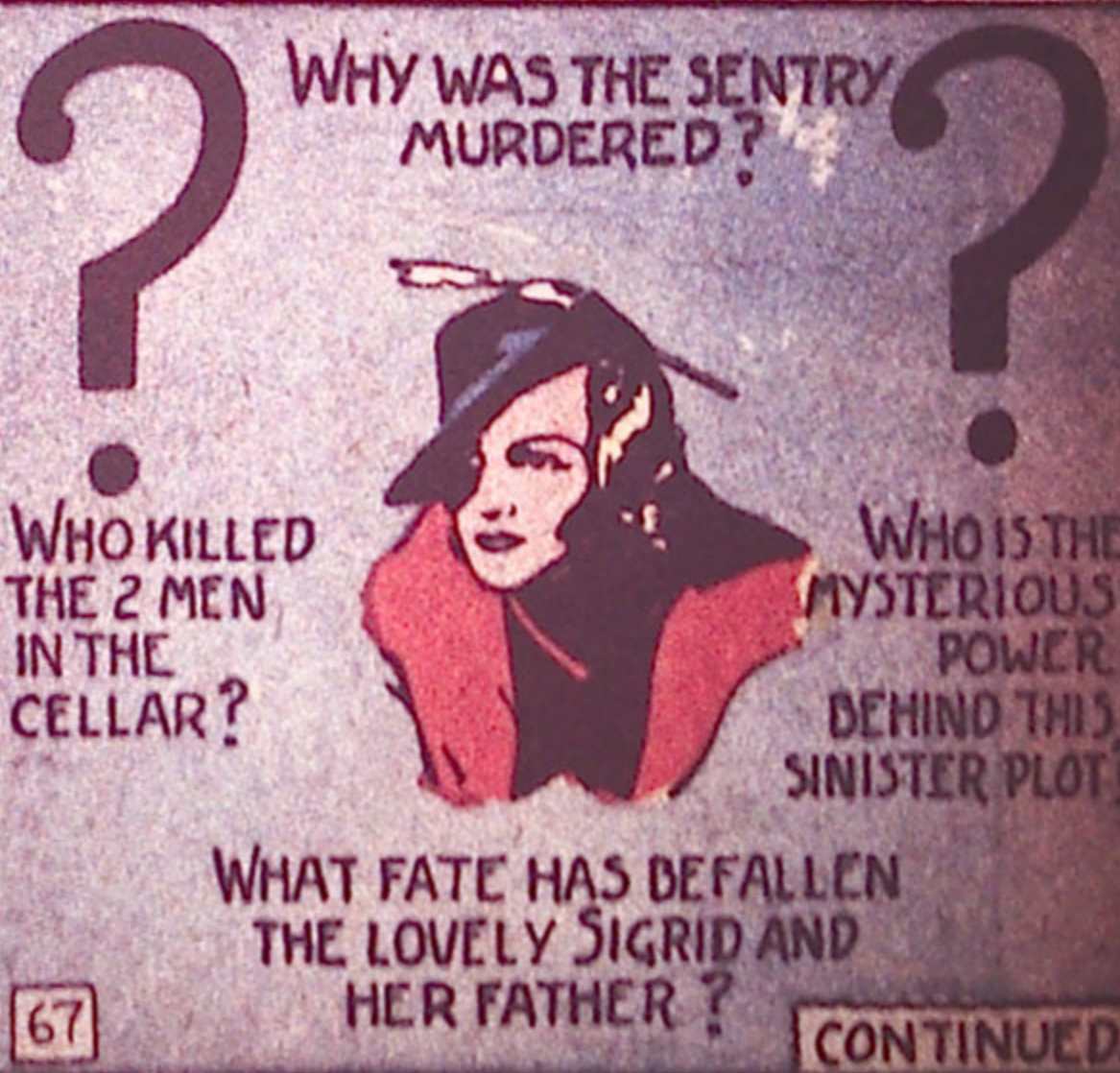
NELSON STOOD ROOTED TO THE SPOT, HORRIFIED BY THE SCENE HE HAD JUST WITNESSED.

GOOD NIGHT! IF THERE HAD ONLY BEEN SOME WAY I COULD HAVE PREVENTED THAT WITHOUT GETTING TRAPPED MYSELF.



66

T. J. KEY



67

CONTINUED.





THE EVIL OAK

by Paul Dean

Death dogged the steps of Detective Byrne as he sought to collar the killer who struck silently and ruthlessly in the sinister shadow of the mysterious tree.

IN the blackness of the night the figure of the man was scarcely discernible as he paced nervously back and forth over the soft, mossy earth. The air was cold and damp and a stiff wind from the northeast whistled an eerie symphony as it whipped through the bare, overhanging branches of the oak.

The man paused and looked up at the skeleton-like mass towering above him. He shuddered and drew his coat collar more firmly around his neck. Then he dug into his pocket and produced a package of cigarettes and with quivering fingers struck a match and lit one.

The flickering glow revealed the gauged and drawn features of Stanley Harwick, middle-aged president of the Inter-State Bank and Trust Company. He placed the dying flame of the match close to the crystal of his wrist-watch. The time was 1:20.

The note had read 1:30, sharp.

The wind snuffed the match out and he once again continued to pace beneath the gnarled and leafless branches of the oak. And as he walked he reflected on the note he had received at his office that very afternoon. It seemed like a message from the distant past, a voice from the grave itself. That bond affair had happened over twelve years ago and he was absolutely sure that he had destroyed every link that might in any way connect him with it.

And yet this note had come from some person who evidently knew the incidents of the entire episode like an open book. The unknown writer was so familiar with the facts that he threatened to expose the affair unless Harwick paid the sum of \$50,000.

Harwick was wise enough to realize that if this threat was carried out it would result in the utter ruin of his entire financial setup and the most certain downfall of his social and political career. And he was the logical Senatorial candidate in the forthcoming election.

The very thought of what might happen caused him to shiver. He puffed vigorously on the cigarette and glanced at his watch. He wasn't sure, but he thought it read 1:30. Thinking he heard something, he paused and peered into the inky blackness around him. The stillness was absolute and he resumed his walk.

Suddenly there was somebody beside him and a hand was placed on his arm.

Harwick, startled, swung around and stared into the shadowy face of the figure in front of him.

"Good evening, Mr. Harwick," the voice of a man said. "I trust I haven't kept you waiting long?"

Harwick tried to recover his wits. "What—where did you come from?"

The other smiled, a hard and bitter smile. "I'm afraid I am the one who is to ask the questions tonight, Harwick. Have you the money?"

Harwick moistened his lips. "Yes—yes, I have the money. But who are you and what proof have I that if I do hand this money over to you the

story of my past will remain unknown, as I wish it to be?"

IN the darkness the man seemed to smirk. "You have nothing, absolutely nothing in the world to fear concerning the past, Harwick. And now, the money, please."

The stranger held out his hand and Harwick, fumbling in his inside pocket, drew out a large envelope and passed it over to the other. The stranger opened the envelope, fingered the crisp wad of currency and, apparently satisfied with the contents, placed it in his own pocket.

"Is there anything else?" Harwick asked.

"Yes, just one more thing," replied the other. "For your own curiosity and for my personal satisfaction I think I should reveal myself to you. Look!"

The stranger struck a match and held the flame close to his face.

Harwick staggered back. "Good Lord! Bates—you're Bates!"

"Precisely I am Bates," answered the other.

"But—but I thought you had died," stammered Harwick. "Twelve years ago! It doesn't make sense—it can't be true!"

Bates sneered. "Truth sometimes is stranger than fiction, Harwick. You've heard of that."

Harwick's face was ashen. "But that is all done with now, Bates. You have the money and I trust you'll live up to your end of the agreement. Promise me this is the end of it—that I'll hear no more of the affair?"

"You'll hear absolutely nothing of

it in the future, Harwick" Bates replied, coolly. "That I can guarantee you."

"I hope so—I dearly hope so!" Harwick murmured and turned to go.

Bates sprang forward. A thin sliver of steel flashed in the cold light of the stars, followed by a hoarse cry of agony.

Harwick staggered a step or two and then slumped heavily to the earth, a dark and evil-looking stain spreading on the back of his coat.

The wind moaned through the bare branches of the overhanging tree in seeming anguish. Bates glanced at the figure on the ground, a guttural chuckle rising in his throat. And, turning, he slunk towards the oak and melted into the darkness.

THE five members of the police force gathered around the body, each of them startled by the identity of the murdered man.

Police Captain Mahoney arose, having made a brief examination of the body, and, rubbing his chin thoughtfully, turned to his protegee, Detective Byrne.

"Stabbed in the back," he said. "Probably died almost instantly."

"When was the body discovered, Captain?" asked Byrne.

"Patrolman Mooney found it early this morning, about five-thirty, just before he went off duty. Fortunately the press hasn't heard of the murder yet."

"Don't you think we ought to tip them off about it, Captain?" questioned one of the other detectives.

"Not for the present," the Captain answered. "Harwick was a pretty prominent man and the chances are that if his name ever gets into print half of the big boys of the city will be involved. The more time we have to work without the added publicity the better it will be for us."

"I wonder if any of his associates are responsible for his death?" mused Byrne. "And if so, what was the motive?"

"Hard to say," replied the Captain. "May have been for some political purpose, though I doubt if any of his political enemies would stoop as low as this."

"Could it have been blackmail or some financial difficulty?"

"Perhaps," Mahoney answered. "I'll have the Department check up on Harwick's business activities. But from what I know and from what I've heard I understand that everything along those lines has been open and above board."

"Looks like a tough case for some poor detective to rack his brains on and keep him awake nights," Byrne said.

Captain Mahoney smiled. "Not some detective, Pat. You're the fellow who's been elected to handle this job. Now let's see you tackle it like the bloodhound that I think you are!"

Pat Byrne showed his white teeth in a pleasant smile. "It must be the luck of the Irish!" he commented.



He left the group and wandered over to the huge oak that stood off to the right. Lighting a cigarette, he leaned against the tree and blew smoke rings towards the knotted limbs above him. His keen blue eyes took in the scene before him and in his mind he endeavored to picture the tragic episode of the previous night.

It must have been a most unusual transaction, he thought, to summon a man of Stanley Harwick's position out to this almost deserted spot in the early hours of the morning. His assailant, too, must have been a man. This was quite definitely indicated by the knife wound, which was high on Harwick's back directly below the left shoulder. The wound itself showed that the blade of the knife had entered the body as a result of an upward drive, which could only have been accomplished by a tall person, probably a man, for Harwick himself was well over six feet.

Byrne flipped his cigarette away and walked over to where the body still stretched on the ground.

THE earth was damp and unimpressive and, save for a rather hasty examination of the remains, the police had been careful lest they disfigure the footprints they had discovered there. Two sets could be clearly seen. One of these, of course, had been made by Harwick and the other was undoubtedly that of his murderer.

Byrne studied these footprints and frowned.

The second set of tracks, those of the assassin, seemed to start at the foot of the oak tree. Then they proceeded to the spot where Harwick had fallen and returned to the oak. Here they ceased as abruptly and mysteriously as they began.

"They don't seem to make sense," murmured Byrne, scratching his curly red hair. "The fellow could have jumped down from the branches of the tree but how could he have gotten up there in the first place without leaving any marks on the ground? Something mighty peculiar about that!"

The coroner and police photographer arrived and the next fifteen minutes were devoted to taking various shots of the body and the footprints that led from it to the tree. The police, of course, made plaster casts of these. The coroner's report was that "the deceased died as a result of a knife wound, caused by a person or persons unknown."

While this routine business was in progress, Byrne studied the surrounding neighborhood. Fifty yards or so to the right was the main highway. To the left stood an old and somewhat weather-beaten house, about the same

distance from where the murder had been committed as the highway. Back of him lay a flat and weedy waste of land with a few ugly and misshaped trees here and there.

No one could possibly have witnessed the crime save whoever might be living in that ancient-looking house, thought Byrne.

"However, there's nothing like trying," he thought, "so I'll drop over there and see if I can learn anything."

He marched across the field, climbed the wooden steps that creaked beneath his weight and rapped on the door.

Possibly a minute elapsed and then the door swung back. And in the gloomy interior stood a tall and rather aged man.

"Is there something I can do for you?" he asked in a low and not unpleasant voice.

"I'm sorry to have to interrupt you this way," explained Byrne, "but I'm from the police department. My name's Byrne—Detective Byrne."

The elderly man appeared startled. "The police department? Is there anything wrong?"

"Yes, there is," answered Byrne. "And quite serious, too. There was a murder committed last night not very

far from here. As a matter of fact, it was right over by that big oak tree. What I'd like to know is if you saw or heard anything unusual last night?"

The old man rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Can't say that I did, Mr. Byrne. The cars were running pretty regularly along the highway up till ten o'clock, but I didn't hear anything out of the way I read the evening paper till eleven and then I went to bed."

"I doubt if you can be of any help to me, then," smiled the detective. "You live a too regular life. You see, we've figured that the murder was committed sometime early this morning, between the hours of one and two. Thanks just the same."

HE walked down the steps and back across the field to the oak tree. The other members of the police force, having performed the necessary duties involved in murder cases, were packing up and leaving. Harwick's body was being deposited in a police ambulance to be driven to the morgue.

Byrne spoke to Captain Mahoney. "I think I'll run down to headquarters

and see if I can dig up anything about Harwick's past. I'll get in touch with you this evening sometime and let you know if I've made any progress."

Mahoney slapped him on the back. "Go to it, Pat, my boy! But remember that you'll have to work pretty quickly. This thing will probably break into the headlines in another twelve hours."

Byrne spent several hours diligently searching through the files at headquarters, hoping he might uncover some phase of Harwick's business and political activities upon which, in one way or another, his untimely death might hinge. The detective knew that Harwick's social and private life had never been questioned.

His rummaging through the files proved to be in vain, and Byrne passed the greater part of the afternoon tactfully interviewing many of Harwick's numerous acquaintances and associates.

However, throughout the entire day there persisted in cropping up in the detective's mind the puzzling thought of the footprints near the large oak tree at the scene of the crime. Whose footprints were they? And what was their origin?



The question annoyed him to such a degree that he drove out to the spot where the murder had been committed. It was close to six thirty when he arrived. The sun had set and a cold wind from the east seemed to forecast a night of rain.

Byrne, standing at the foot of the oak, gazed up through the mesh of gnarled boughs above him and shivered slightly. The tree was like a sinister omen, its form twisted and evil-looking silhouetted against the darkening sky.

The detective tried to concentrate on the footprints. He bent down and scrutinized the clear imprints that Harwick's assassin had left in the soft earth.

A faint sound behind him caused Byrne to turn. But not in time!

Something hit him on the side of the head and the objects before his eyes swam giddily. He felt as though he were falling down an endless pit. And then everything went black.

WHEN he came to he was sprawled on the mossy ground, his hat a few feet from him. His head pained him badly and a tiny rivulet of blood ran warmly down the side of his face and dripped onto his hand as he attempted to rise.

He shook his head to clear the fog-giness in his brain, and his legs behaved ungracefully as he stooped to pick up his hat. In so doing, he noticed a small piece of paper stuck in the band of the hat.

"Quite decent of the fellow to leave me a message," Byrne mumbled, and straightening the paper, read its cryptic note:

"Don't be a fool... leave things as they are and forget what you've seen... this is the last warning."

Byrne folded the paper and put it in his pocket. Smiling grimly, he straightened his hat and marched over to the oak.

"Something tells me I should have examined this tree more carefully!" he grunted to himself.

He looked at the bark closely and ran his fingers over the rough sur-

face. Directly over his head was a short limb that has been sawed off and the middle of which seemed to have been hollowed out.

Byrne reached up and put his hand in the opening. His fingers came in contact with what felt like a metal ring. He pulled this round metal piece and to his amazement an oblong slab of the tree bark swung outward!

The detective scratched his head, astonished. "Well I'll be a flat-foot with fallen arches! This explains those mysterious footprints and how my unknown pal happened to crack me on the head without my seeing him! Now I'll do a bit of investigating!"

Byrne could see that the inside of the huge tree had been dug out, leaving a space large enough to admit a man. The detective played his flashlight on the floor of this little compartment and was surprised to see the top and first rung of a small ladder resting against the side and leading directly down a black circular hole cut through the roots of the tree.

He drew his automatic and stepping carefully on the ladder, slowly descended some ten or twelve feet to the bottom. Here he found himself facing a narrow tunnel, no more than two feet in width.

Alert and ready for whatever hidden danger might await him, he advanced into the opening. The mole-like passage was extremely damp and slimy and Byrne continued through it till his progress was blocked by a crude wooden door.

He placed his ear against the door and listened carefully. Not a sound.

Gripping the automatic, he slowly forced it open. He peered through and found himself gazing into what was undoubtedly the cellar of a house.

At the far end of the room sat a thin, middle-aged man. In the flickering light of an oil lamp resting on a table, Byrne was unable to see the man's face, as his back was partially turned toward him.

UNAWARE of the detective's presence, the man continued his work. Before him was a small mirror into which he intently stared as he applied to his face what appeared to be makeup greases. He drew back from the mirror and scrutinized himself and, evidently satisfied with the result, picked up a gray-haired wig lying on the table and adjusted it on his head with precision.

The man turned and Byrne gasped when he saw who it was!

"That's the old gent I questioned this morning!" he said to himself. "But what's the idea of the makeup? And why the hidden passageway to that big oak tree?"

The thought of the blow on the head he had received caused his Irish blood to boil, and throwing the wooden door wide open he leaped in the room.

"Okay, fellow, stick your hands above your head and don't make a move!"



The stranger swung around, startled. Then with unbelievable swiftness, his arm swept across the table and knocked the oil lamp to the floor. The room was in total darkness.

Byrne held his fire, he wanted the man alive. Silently he tip-toed across the flagging.

A soft, scraping sound caused the detective to halt, cautiously. A shot that came somewhere from the right went cracking against the cellar wall.

Byrne spun to the side and with head lowered, lunged forward. He landed full against his assailant, crashing him to the floor. The stranger fired again and Byrne felt the bullet streak by his cheek.

Before he could fire the third time the detective grasped the man's coat lapel with his left hand and sent his right fist smashing into his face.

Byrne felt the other's body go limp and sag to the pavement.

Flashing his light on the unconscious man, he picked up the revolver, and with a certain bit of official dignity snapped the handcuffs on the stranger's wrists.

At headquarters Captain Mahoney put down the report and beamed at his protégé. "You certainly got him all right, Pat, but what put you on the track of that hidden door in the oak tree?"

Byrne smiled. "Those footprints, Captain. I knew we weren't dealing with any Invisible Man, and that the fellow who made those impressions near Harwick's body certainly came from somewhere. The chances are, though, I wouldn't have thought of any secret entrance in the tree if our friend hadn't walloped me over the noodle."

The stranger sat quietly in the corner, his eyes cast down on the office floor. He offered a grotesque picture minus the gray wig and his face lined and wrinkled with age by the clever application of the theatrical make-up.

Captain Mahoney turned to him. "Well, mister, what's the story? Did you kill Stanley Harwick?"

The man raised his eyes and answered simply. "Yes, I killed him."

"Why?"

The man's eyes gleamed and a grim smile twisted his lips. "This all happened twelve years ago. Harwick and I were associated in an investing company of which Harwick was president. Unfortunately I sank money into the company, money over which I had control but which was not my own. Harwick knew beforehand what the outcome would be. The company went out of business and Harwick was left with a fortune. I was left penniless and with the obligation of restitution."

Captain Mahoney looked at the man thoughtfully. "I seem to remember your face, but you can't be the same man."

"Yes, I am the same man," the stranger stated. "I'm Henry Bates, supposed to have been lost at sea en route to Europe twelve years ago."

And during those twelve years I've waited and planned to balance the score between Stanley Harwick and myself. I set my trap and patiently sat by while Harwick climbed the ladder of success. Then I struck!"

The Captain frowned. "You know the penalty of your crime, Bates?"

The man forced a weak smile. "Yes—yes, I know. But that means nothing to me now. The score has been evened and everything—everything is—"



Bates never finished the sentence. His head fell forward and his body slumped and would have dropped to the floor had not Byrne caught him.

The detective placed a hand on Bates' heart and looked up at Captain Mahoney. "He's dead!"

The Captain stood for a moment looking at Bates. "Perhaps it's just as well. Now the score is even all around!"

THE END

The BUMPS MYSTERY

BY ALGER

THE BODY OF
MORTIMER QUACKENBUSH
BUMPS
WAS FOUND IN A
LIFELESS CONDITION.



AND SEVERAL PERSONS
ACQUAINTED WITH HIM
FELL UNDER
TH' COPPERS'
SUSPICION—

WHERE
WAS
YOU
TH' NITE
O' MAY 31ST
T



JOE WUZ PLAYIN' POKER
AT MY HOUSE!

— BUT ALL HAD AN
ALIBI GOOD AS
PURE GOLD—



FRED WAS
CALLIN' ON
ME
THAT
NITE!

— AN 'OUT' THAT THE
COPS COULDN'T
SHAKE—

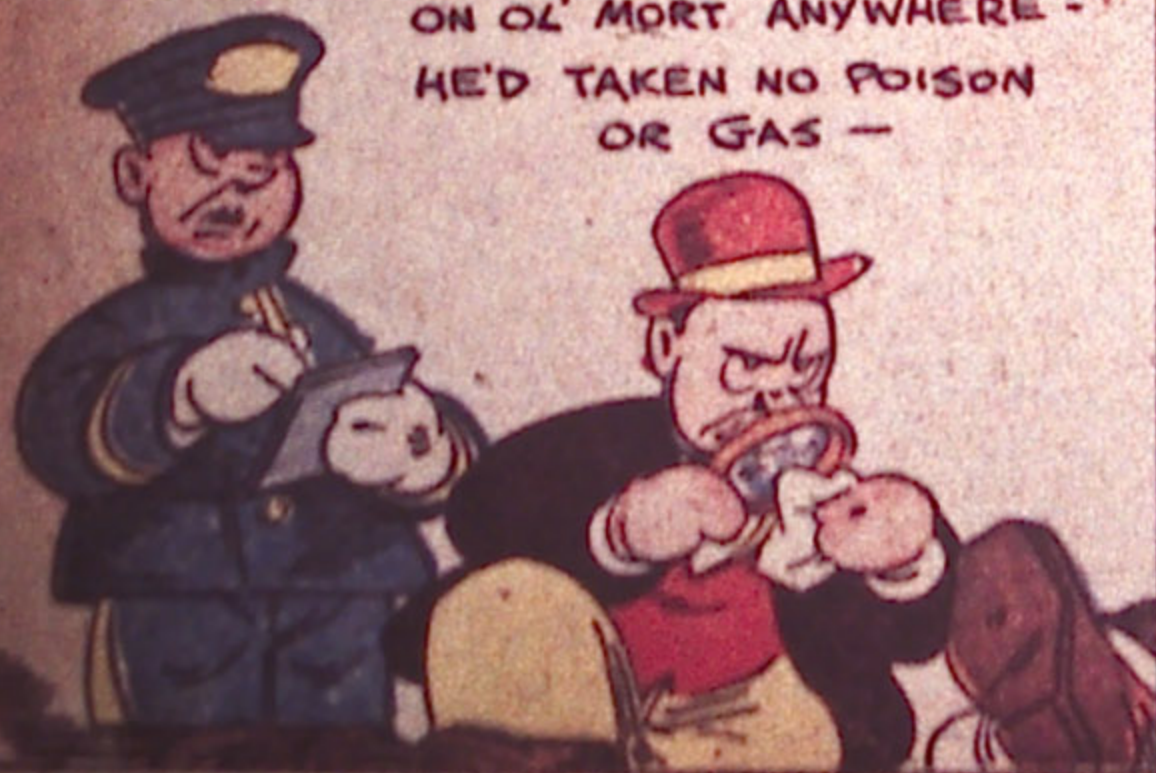


WE HAD 'IM IN
TH' LOCKUP
THAT
NITE!

THERE WASN'T A
CHANCE FOR 'EM
EVEN TO HOLD
SUCH BAD ONES
AS PERCY
THE SNAKE!

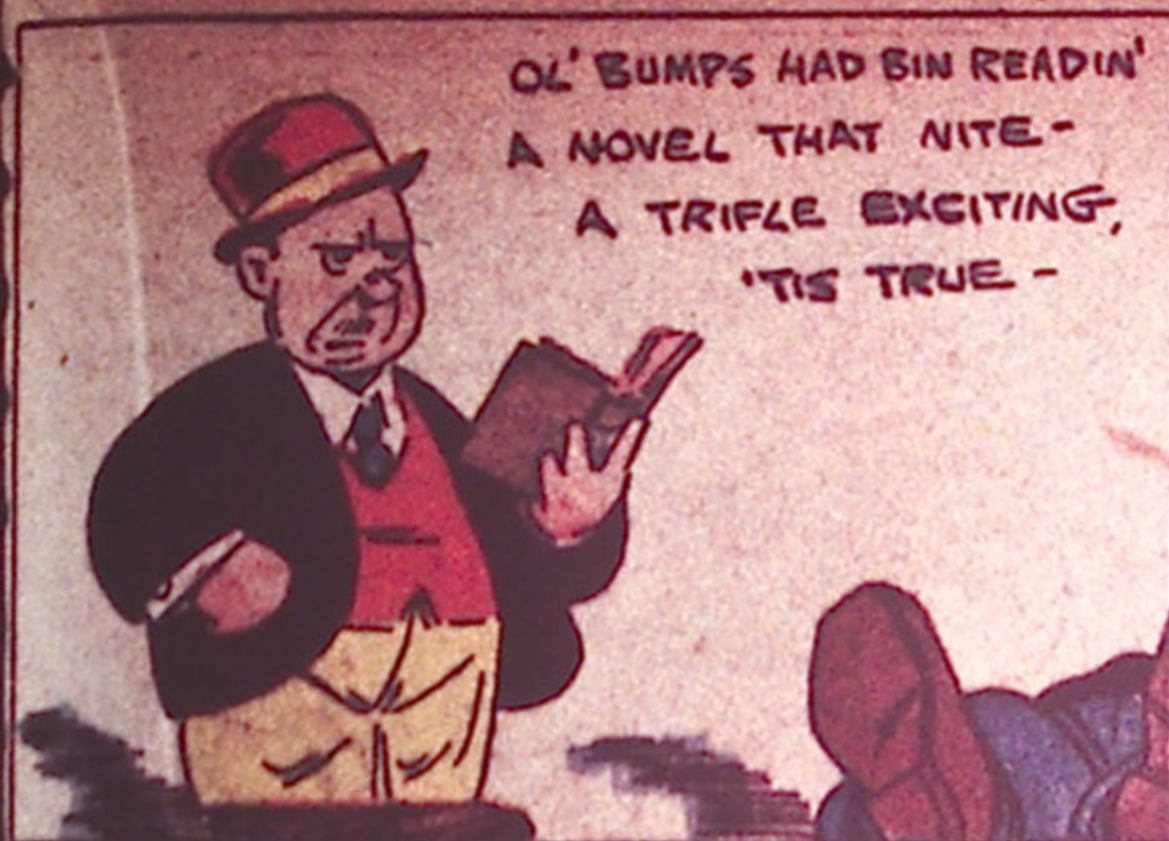


THERE WASN'T A MARK
ON OL' MORT ANYWHERE—
HE'D TAKEN NO POISON
OR GAS—



THE ROPES HE'D BEEN
SMOKIN' WERE
AWFULLY RANK
THOUGH NOT IN THE
MAN-KILLING CLASS!

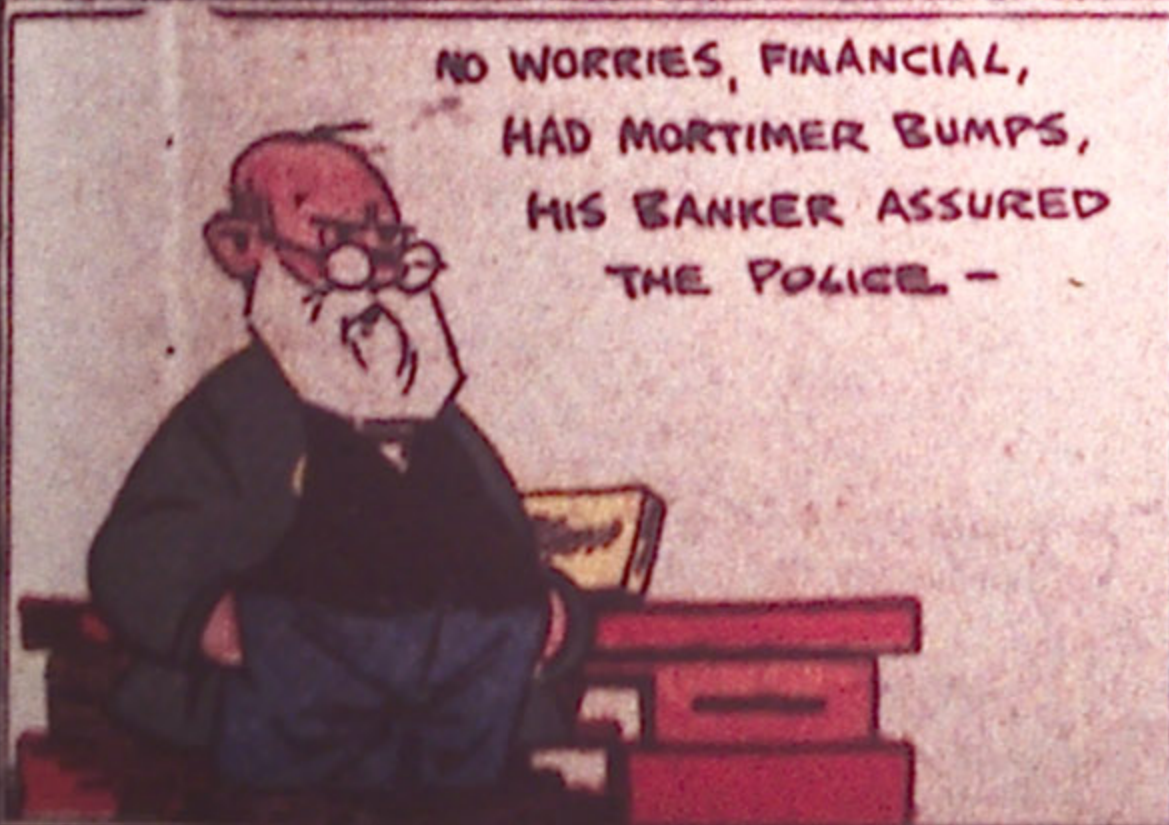




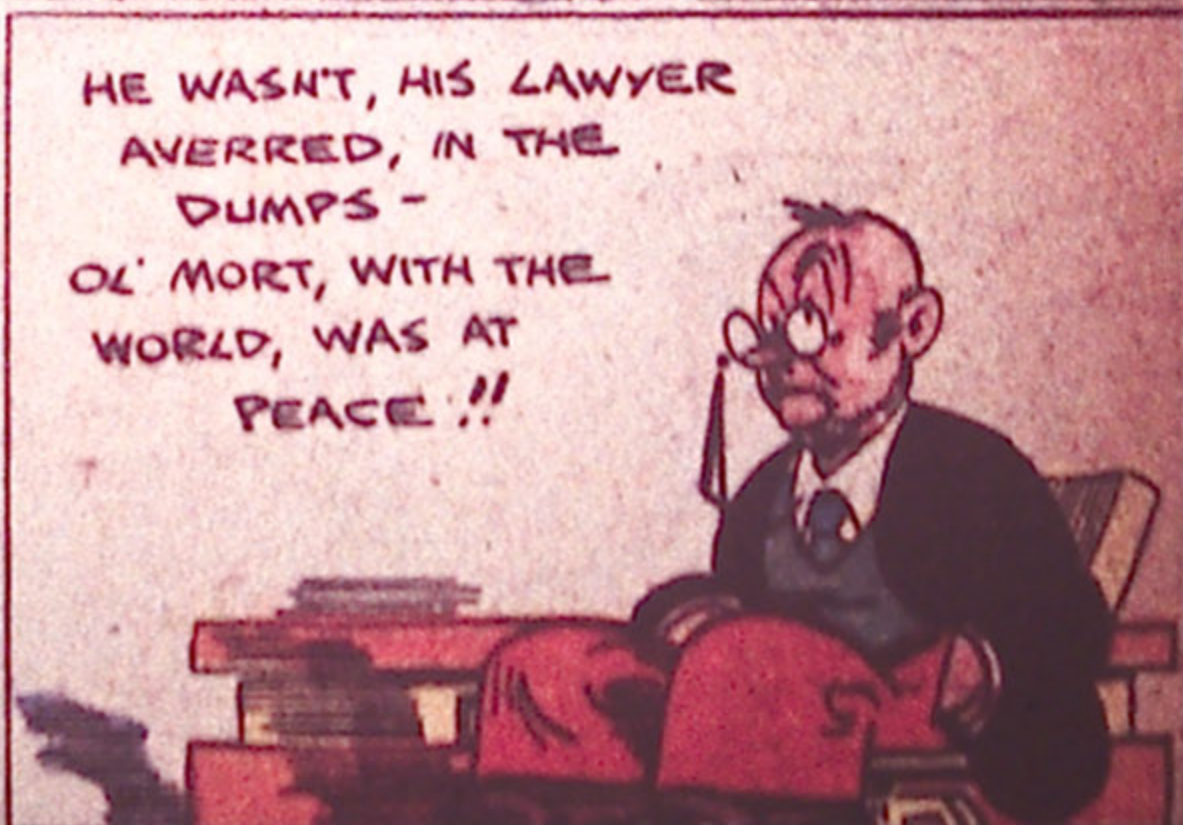
OL' BUMPS HAD BIN READIN'
A NOVEL THAT NITE -
A TRIFLE EXCITING,
'TIS TRUE -



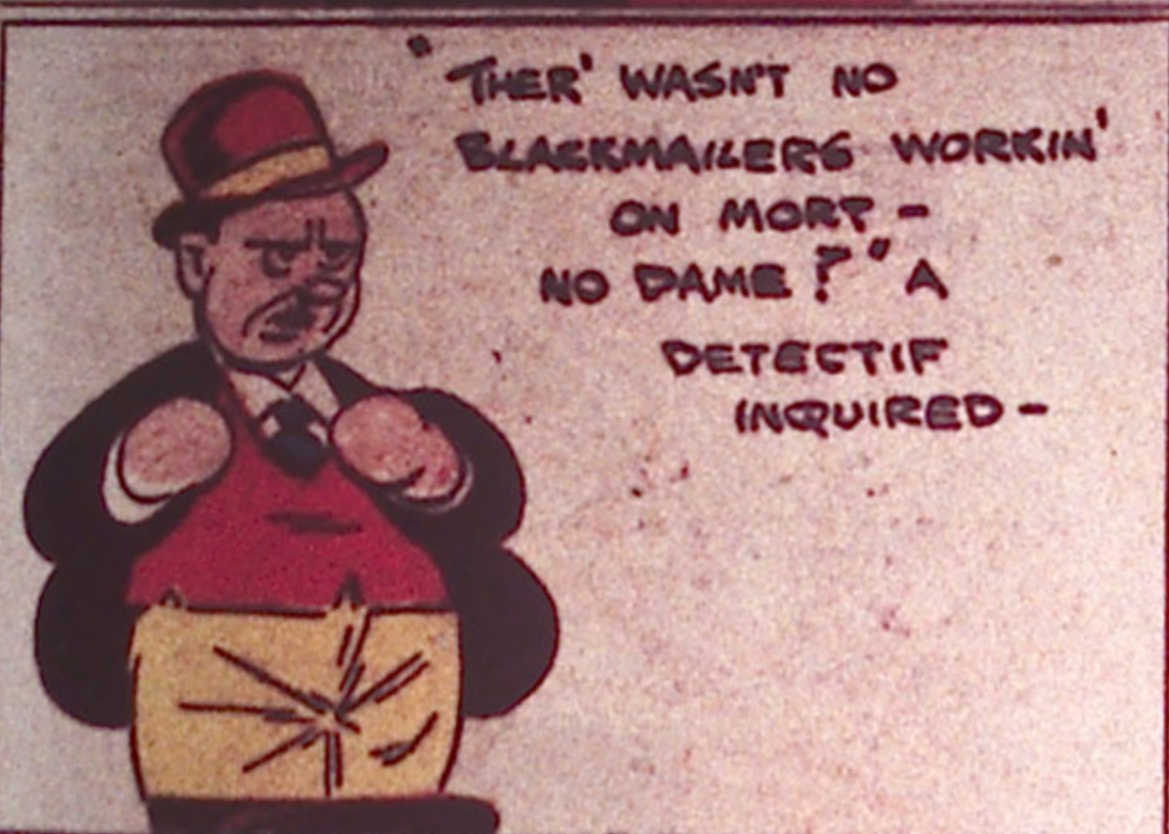
- BUT 'T WASN'T A STORY
TO KILL ONE
WITH FRIGHT -
THE LAW WAS
SURE STUCK
FOR A CLUE !!



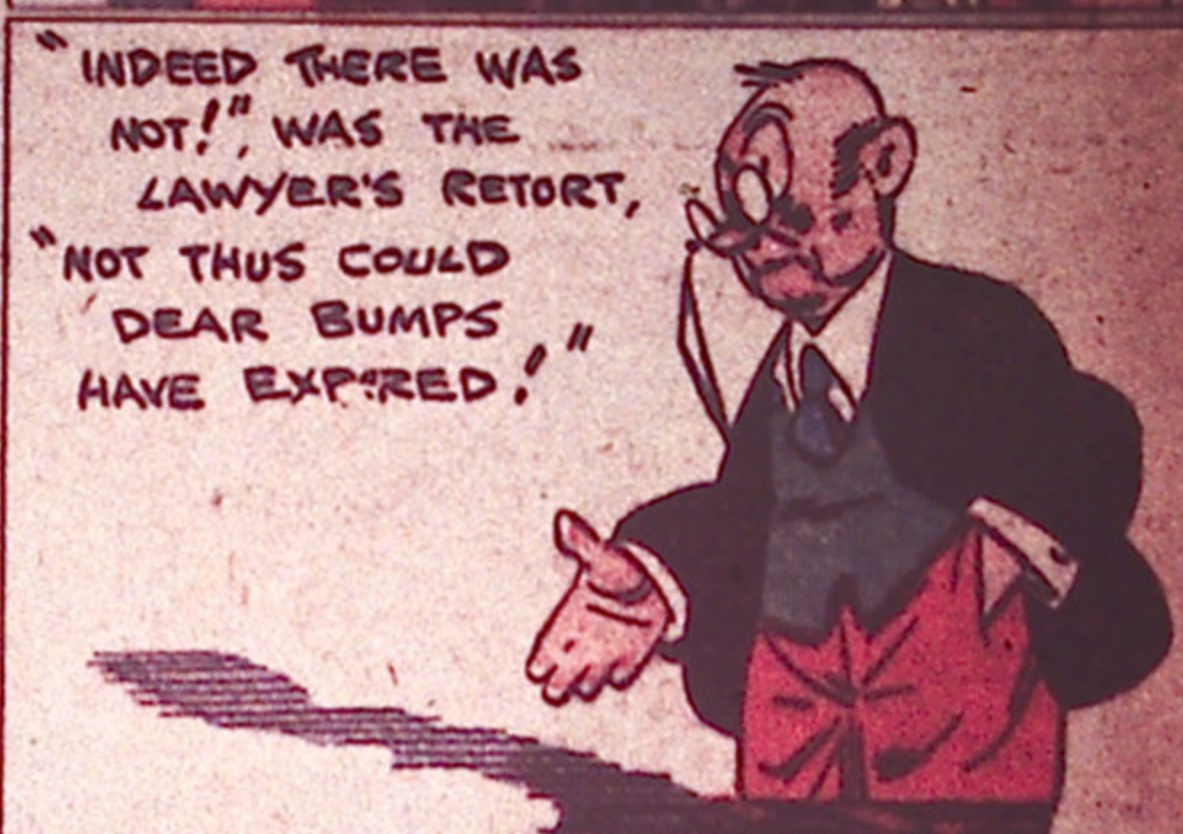
NO WORRIES, FINANCIAL,
HAD MORTIMER BUMPS,
HIS BANKER ASSURED
THE POLICE -



HE WASN'T, HIS LAWYER
AVERRED, IN THE
DUMPS -
OL' MORT, WITH THE
WORLD, WAS AT
PEACE !!



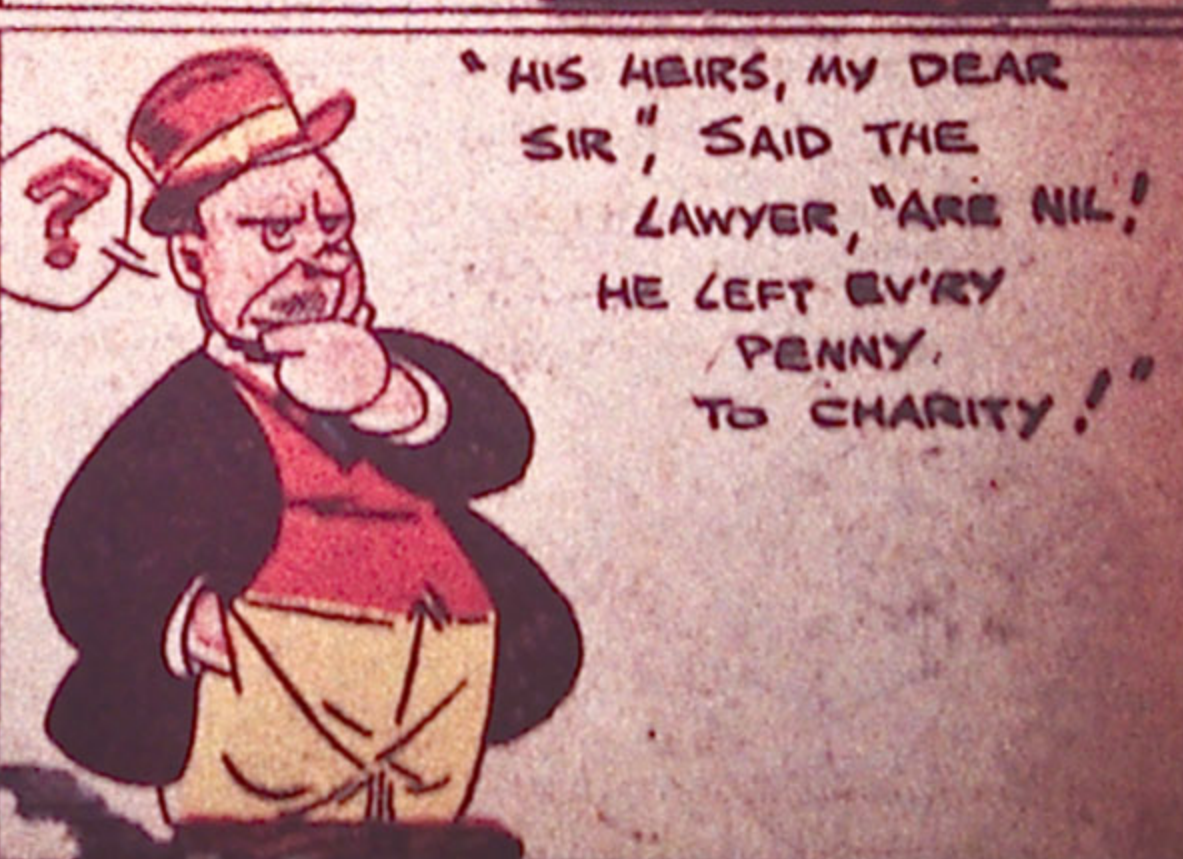
"THER' WASN'T NO
BLACKMAILERS WORKIN'
ON MORT -
NO DAME?" A
DETECTIF
INQUIRED -



"INDEED THERE WAS
NOT!" WAS THE
LAWYER'S RETORT,
"NOT THUS COULD
DEAR BUMPS
HAVE EXPIRED!"



"WELL, NOT ABOUT HEIRS?"
SAID TH' SLEUTH,
"DON'T HIS WILL
AFFORD US SOME
LIGHT AND SOME
CLARITY?"



"HIS HEIRS, MY DEAR
SIR," SAID THE
LAWYER, "ARE NIL!
HE LEFT EV'RY
PENNY
TO CHARITY!"

BILL!
LOOK
HERE!

A FOOTPRINT WAS FOUND
'NEATH TH' WINDOW
OUTSIDE -
BUT PEOPLE QUITE
OFTEN MAKE
THOSE -

KEEP OFF
THE GRASS

A GARDENER MAKES
LOTS OF 'EM - LONG,
DEEP AND WIDE -
WHILE WALKIN'
AROUND WITH HIS
HOSE!

"THEY SAY THERE'S A
SLEUTH OUT IN
KALAMAZOO,"
THE CHIEF OF
POLICE SAID,
AT LAST,

"A WIZARD AT SOLVING
DEEP MYSTERIES, WHO,
WITH OL' SHERLOCK
HOLMES HAS BEEN
CLASSSED!"

THEY SENT FOR
THIS FELLER,
CALLED, "SURE-FIRE
MCGEE,"
HE CAME WITH A
HOP AND TWO
JUMPS -

MCGEE.
EH?

- AND BREATHLESSLY
PEOPLE ALL
WONDERED WHAT
HE
WOULD SAY OF
THE CASE OF
POOR BUMPS!

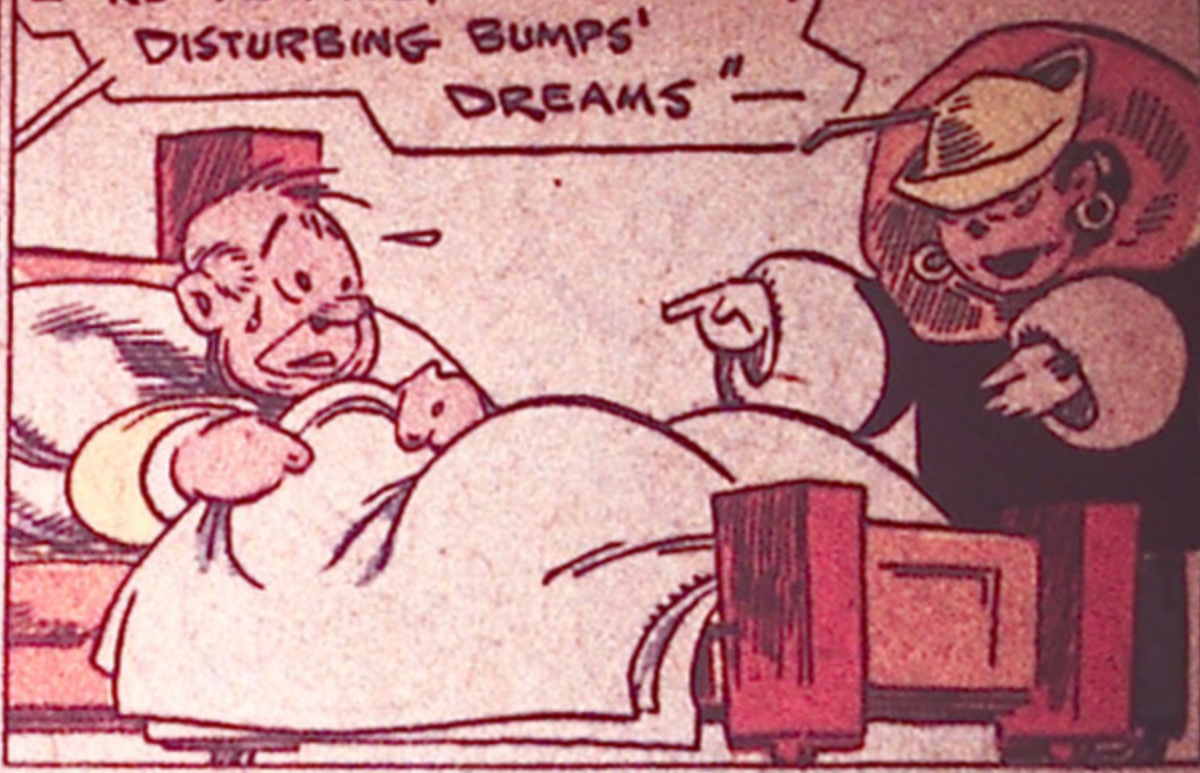
"NOW, FIRST," SAID MCGEE,
"LET ME PRAISE THE
POLICE!
THEY'VE CERTAINLY
COVERED THE
GROUND!"

"- EXAMINING EVIDENCE,
PIECE UPON PIECE,
NO MOTIVE OR
WEAPONS THEY'VE
FOUND!"

"NO WORRIES O'ER
MONEY, NO HEIRS
FULL OF SCHEMES,
NO ENEMIES,
MAKING BLACK
THREATS" —



"NO FEMALE, DESIGNING,
DISTURBING BUMPS'
DREAMS" —



"NO GAS RUNNING
OUT OF THE
JETS!" —



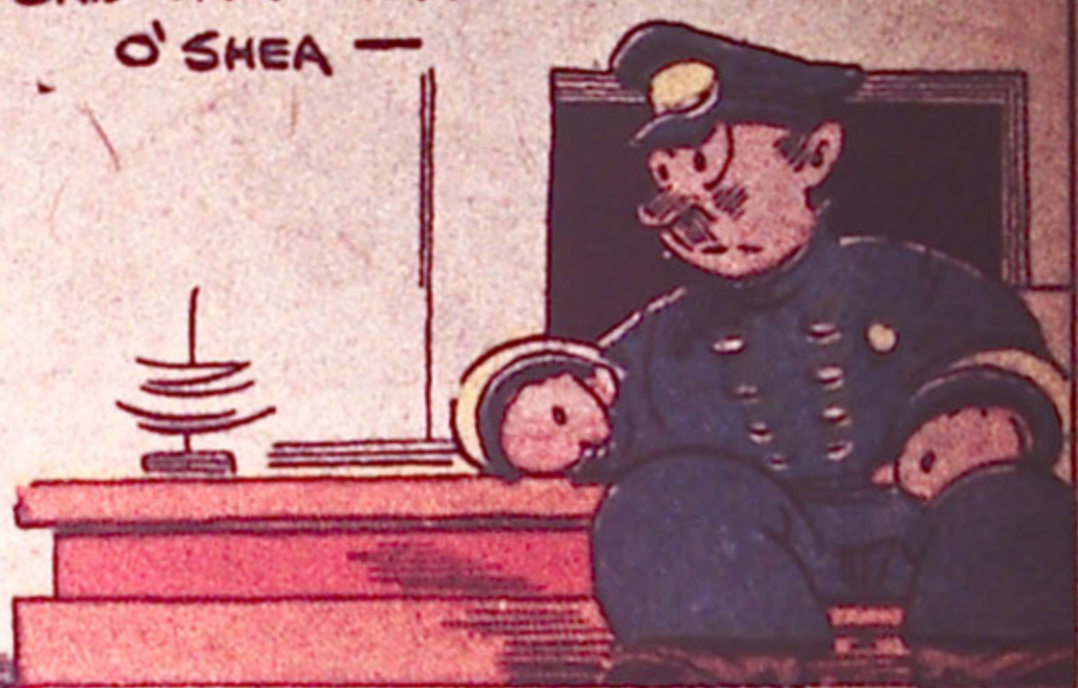
"NOW, HERE IS WHAT
HAPPENED —
TH' MAN, FIRST, DID SUP —



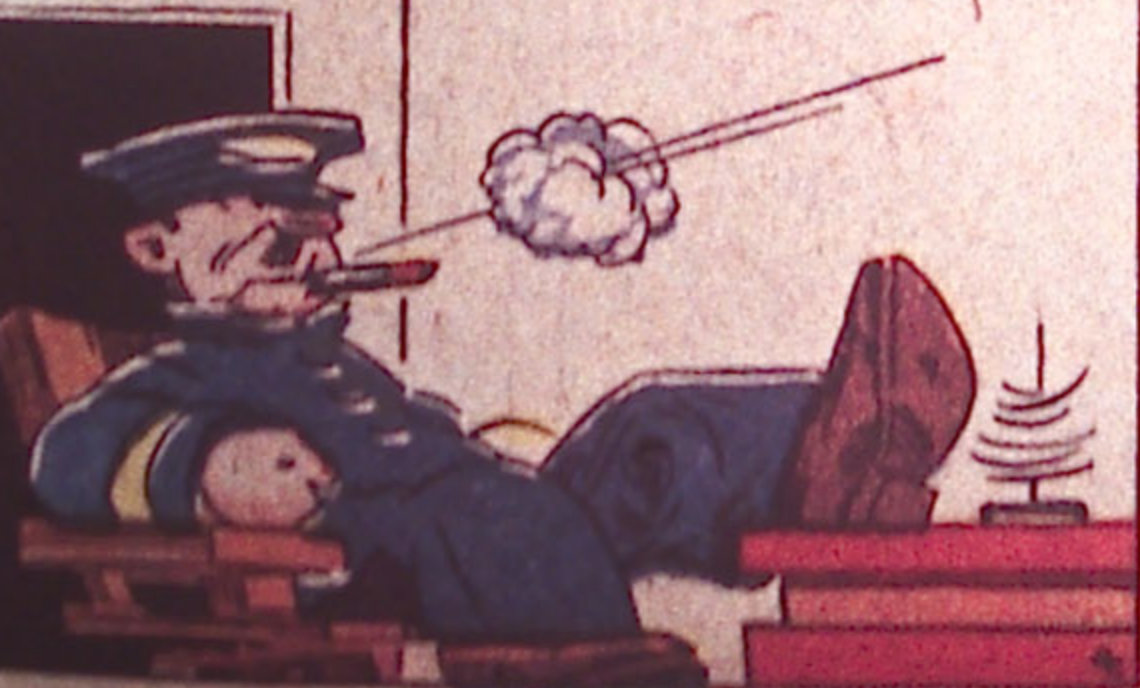
"SAT DOWN, THEN, AND
SLEPT AND — JUST
FAILED TO
WAKE UP!" —



"THAT'S JEST WOT I THOUGHT,"
SAID PATROLMAN
O'SHEA —



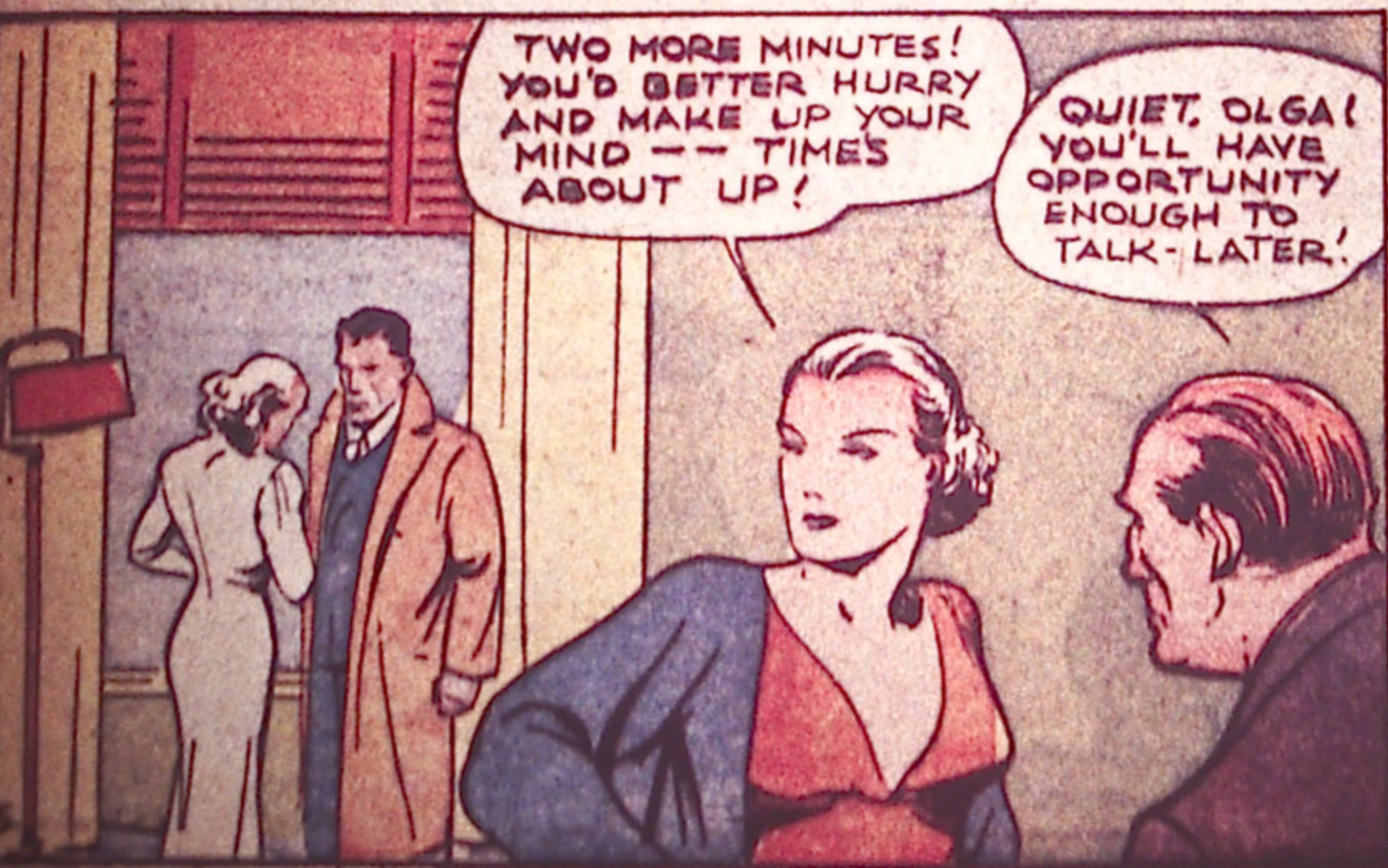
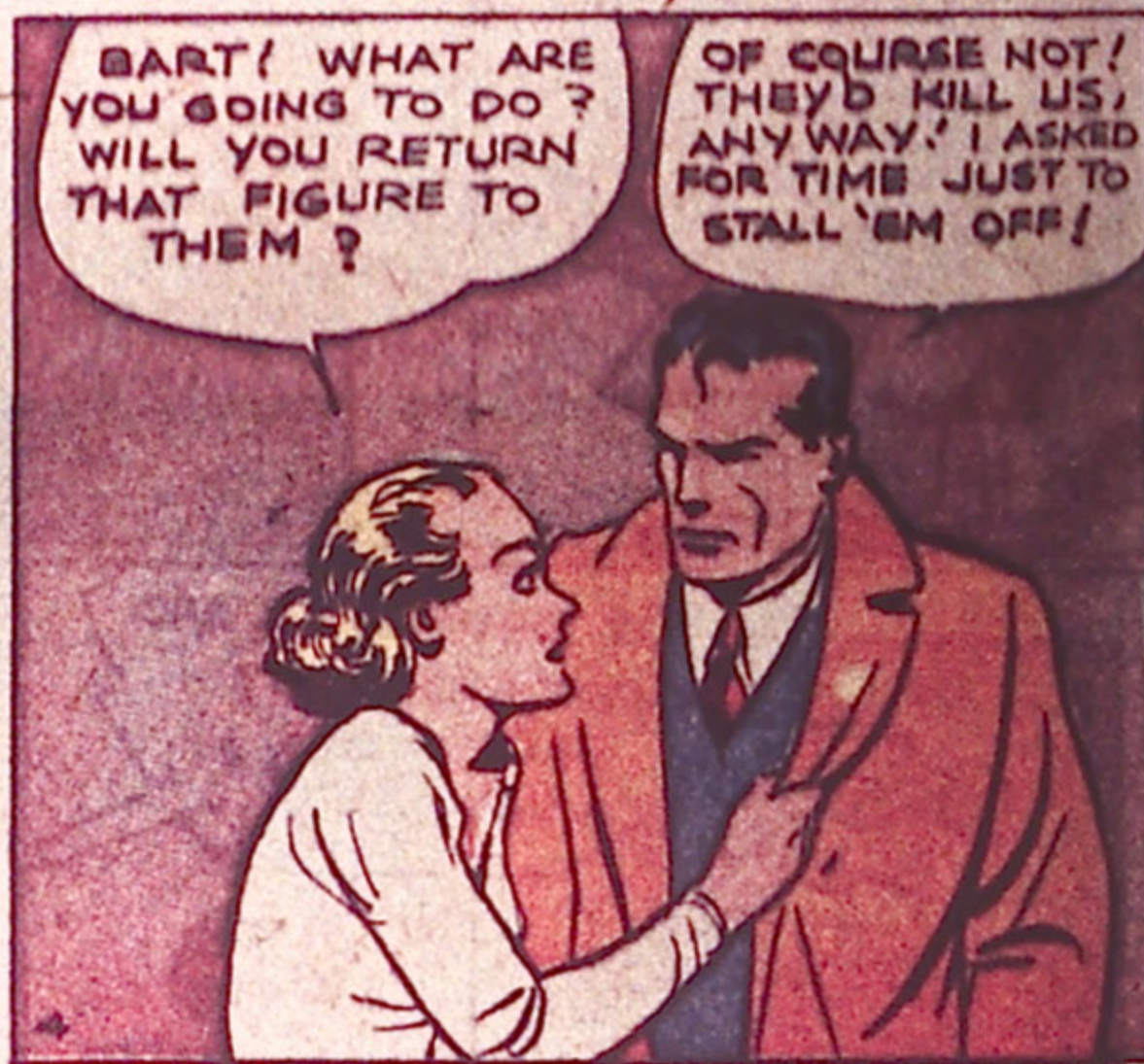
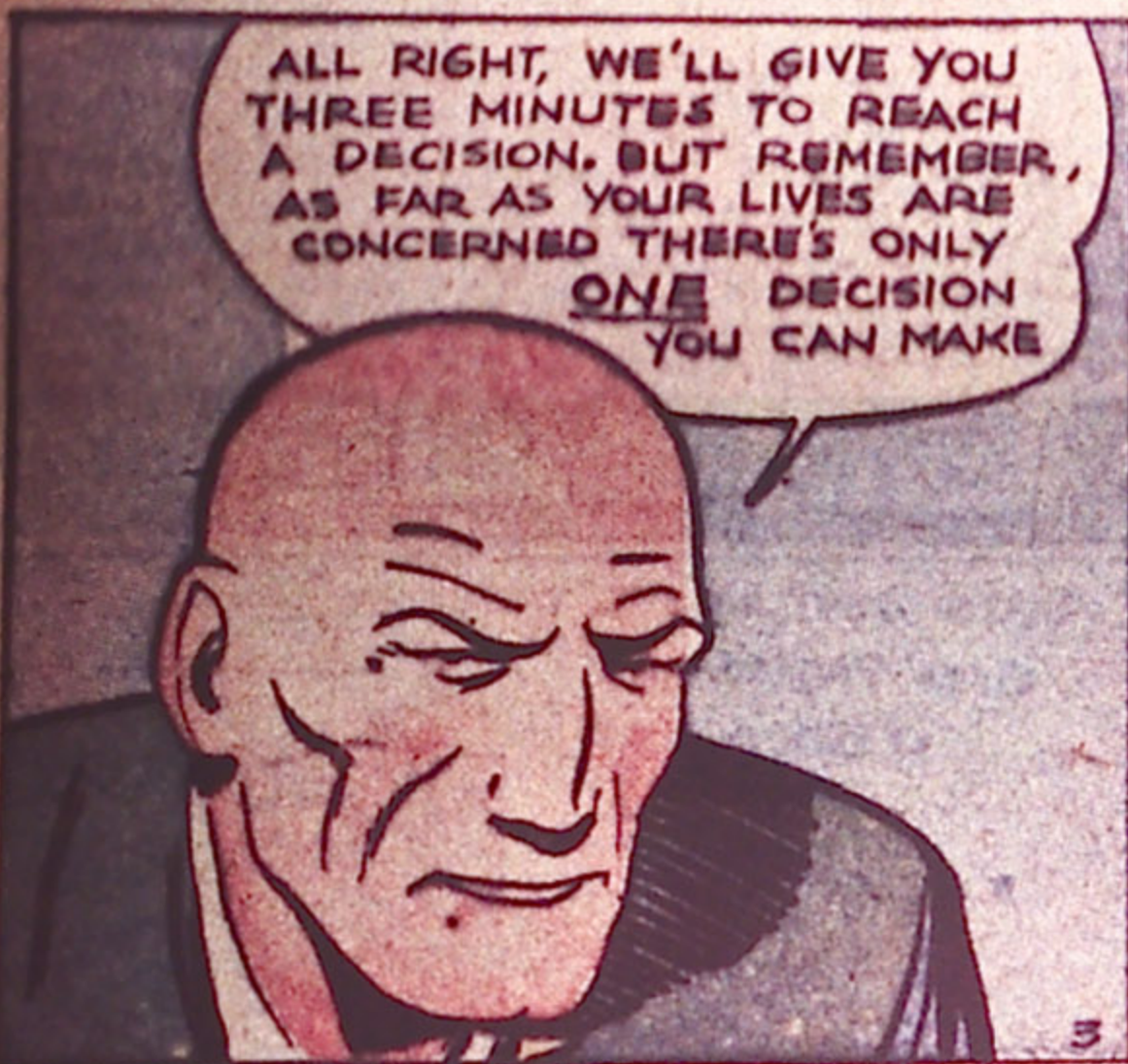
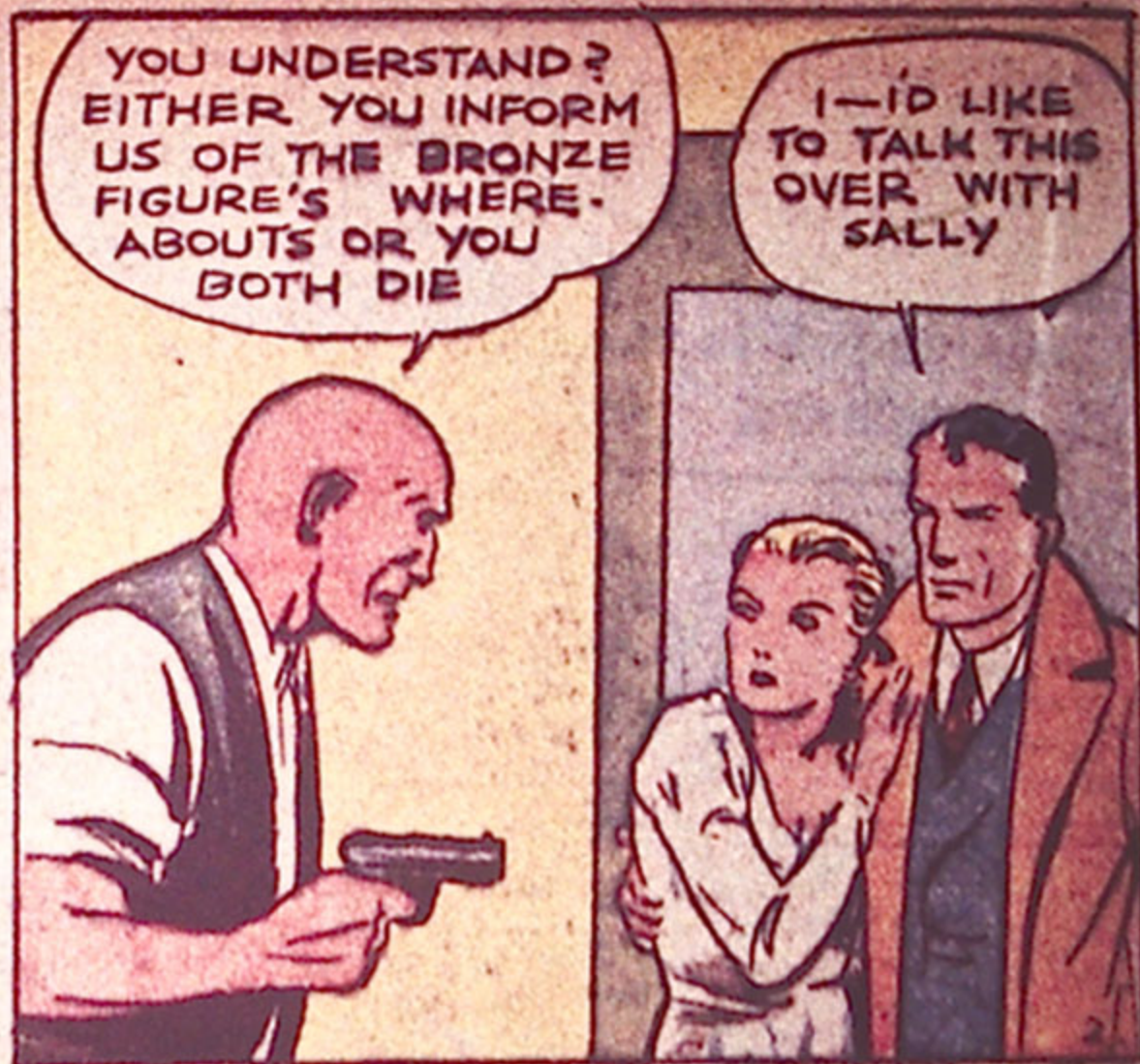
"FOR EVERY CIRCUMSTANCE
POINTED THAT WAY!" —



GOOD DAY,
MR. SURE-FIRE!

GOOD DAY,
SIR, GOOD
DAY!!



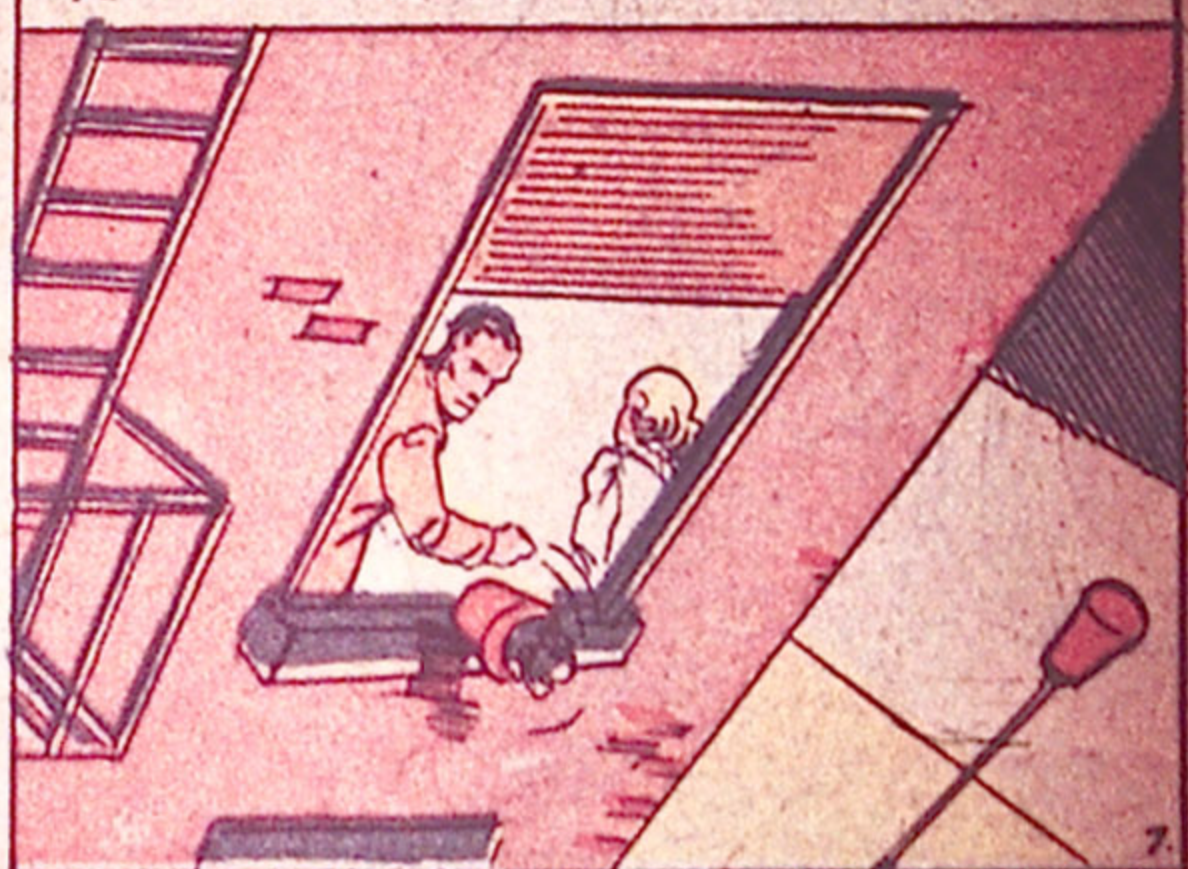


NEVER HAS
TIME APPEAR-
ED TO FLY SO
SWIFTLY. PRECIOUS
SECONDS SPEED
IRRETRIEVABLY
BY -- AND
EACH TICK OF
OF THE CLOCK
BRINGS CLOSER
THE DREAD
MOMENT WHEN
BART MUST
DECLARE
HIMSELF!

WALKING JAUNTILY ALONG HIS BEAT, OFFICER PATRICK O'TOOLE IS UNAWARE THAT THE FATES HAVE CHOSEN HIM TO PLAY AN IMPORTANT ROLE IN THIS DRAMA OF INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE

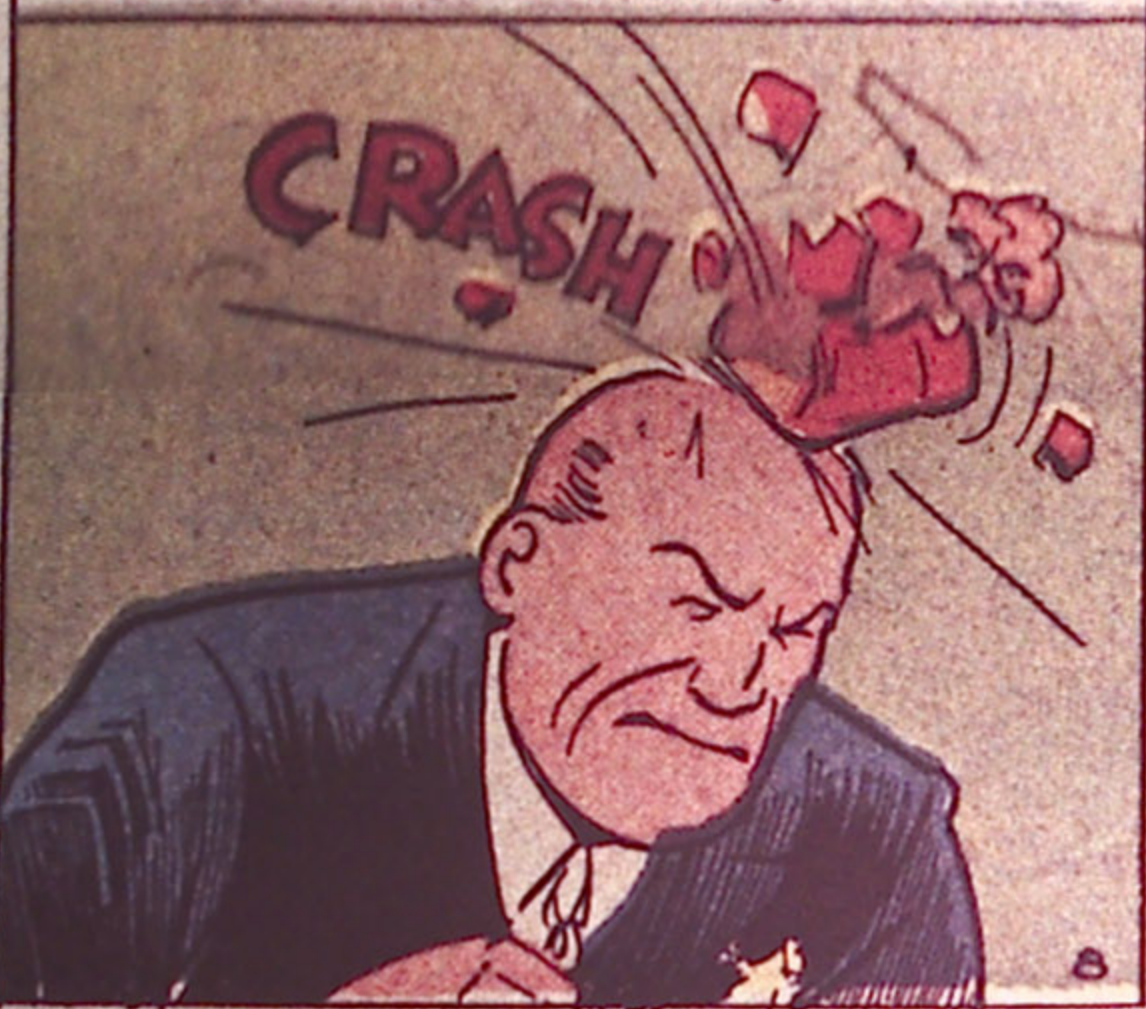


GLANCING THRU THE OPENED WINDOW AND GLIMPING O'TOOLE BELOW BART SUR-REPTITIOUSLY SHOVS A FLOWER-POT OFF THE SILL AND FERVENTLY PRAYS HIS HASTY AIM WILL BE ACCURATE



IT IS! -- AND HOW!

CRASH



BY TH' SAINTS,
NO ONE KIN HIT
AN O'TOOLE AN'
GIT AWAY WITH IT!
SO IT'S FIGHTIN' YE
WANT, EH? WELL,
BY JUPITER, YE'LL
GIT IT!



AS BART HAD HOPED,
THE INFURIATED PATROL-
MAN HURRIES UP THE
FIRE-ESCAPE TO IN-
VESTIGATE!

YOU'VE HAD
ENOUGH TIME!
**NOW TALK--
AND TALK QUICK!**

YOU AND YOUR
PROPOSITION CAN
TAKE A FLYING
LEAP INTO
THE LAKE!

WITH AN ANGRY SNARL, THE SPY
PRESSES HIS WEAPON'S TRIGGER!



BUT
AT THE
SAME
MOMENT
OFFICER
O'TOOLE
SHOOTS THE
KILLER'S
HAND,
SPOILING
HIS AIM



AN' IF ANYONE
ELSE WANTS A TASTE
O' LEAD, JIST TRY
SOMETHIN'!

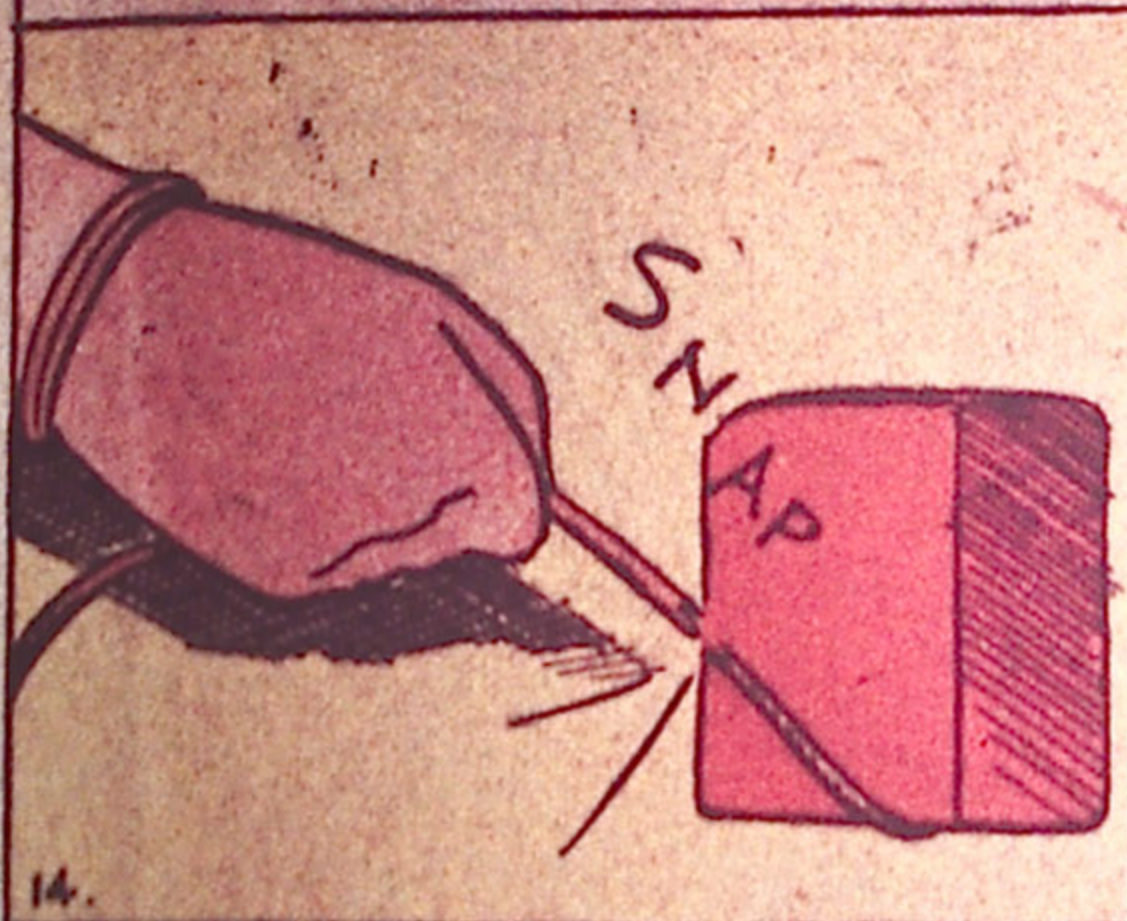
FINE WORK, OFFICER!
I'M BART REGAN! --
WHEW! YOU GOT
HERE JUST IN
TIME!

I'LL SAY
I DID.

WHAT! BART REGAN!!
UP WID YER HANDS, YE
SCURVY KIDNAPPER! --
BOY, WHIN ME PAL, TH'
COMMISSIONER HEARS
O' THIS IT'LL BE A PLAIN
CLOTHES DICK HE'LL
MAKE OF O'TOOLE!



HER CLEVER MIND RACING, OLGA TEARS THE TELEPHONE WIRE LOOSE, UNSEEN BY THE OTHERS. THEN --



OH, THANK HEAVEN YOU'VE RESCUED ME FROM THIS REGAN BEAST, YOU BRAVE MAN! BUT YOU'VE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! THESE TWO MEN WERE TRYING TO SAVE ME FROM REGAN AND HIS ACCOMPLICE!

YEAH? GOSH, I'M SORRY I SHOT HIM, THEN!



TH' PESKY PHONE DON'T WORK. YE'D BETTER TAKE HIM TO A HOSPITAL WHILE I WATCH THESE TWO SNAKES!

DON'T BELIEVE THEM, YOU FOOL!! THEY'RE TRICKING YOU!!

BUT I TELL YOU I'M SALLY NORRIS!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER --

YOU IDIOT! YOU LET A TRIO OF OUR COUNTRY'S WORST FOES ESCAPE! -- YOU'LL PATROL THE STICKS FOR THIS!

BUT COMMISSIONER!

GO EASY ON HIM, COMMISSIONER! AFTER ALL, HE SAVED OUR LIVES!



LATER -- IN ROOM 2048... U.S. SPY HEADQUARTERS...

GOOD NEWS, REGAN! IT'S FROM OUR LABORATORY. THEY SAY THEY'VE SOLVED THE SECRET OF THE BRONZE FIGURE

SWELL! LET'S GO THERE AT ONCE!



CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

MR. CHANG

The BLOODY WILL

BY WIN



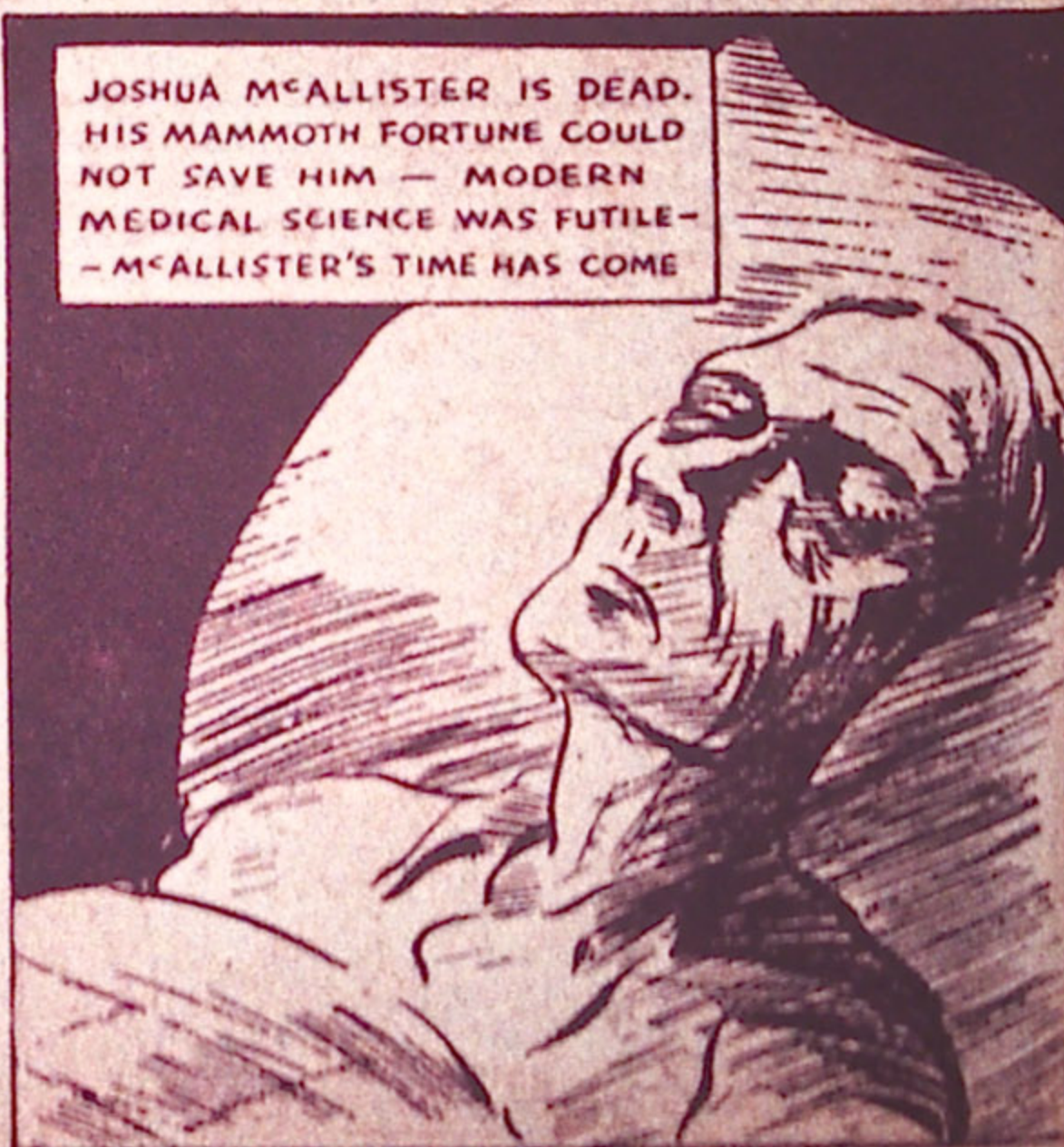
HE IS
SINKING VERY
RAPIDLY!

LIGHTS ARE
GROWING DIM...
TIME IS GETTING
SHORTER - SHORTER -
SHORTER...



JOSHUA McALLISTER, ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE, IS
ON HIS DEATHBED — REQUESTS THAT HIS WILL
BE READ IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS PASSING....

JOSHUA McALLISTER IS DEAD.
HIS MAMMOTH FORTUNE COULD
NOT SAVE HIM — MODERN
MEDICAL SCIENCE WAS FUTILE —
McALLISTER'S TIME HAS COME



MR. McALLISTER
IS DEAD - GOD
REST HIS SOUL...

LIKE VULTURES -
WAITING TO DEVOUR
THEIR PREY - THE
RELATIVES AWAIT
THE HOUR OF DEATH
- A VAST FORTUNE IS
NOW IN THEIR HANDS

AT THE REQUEST OF THE
DECEASED, THE WILL SHALL BE
READ AT 12 MIDNIGHT..

THE CLOCK IN THE OLD SOUTH
CHURCH STRIKES TWELVE...

PROMPTLY, THE
ATTORNEY-AT-
LAW READS
THE LAST
WILL AND
TESTAMENT
OF THE
LATE MULTI-
MILLIONAIRE

"I, JOSHUA McALLISTER, DO
BEQUEATH MY EARTHLY
POSSESSIONS AS FOLLOWS:

I DON'T QUITE
UNDERSTAND -
YOU'RE GETTING
FIVE TIMES AS
MUCH AS ANY ONE
OF US - YOU WERE
ONLY HIS WARD -

GOODNIGHT,
BOB -

GOODNIGHT,
VIRGINIA - FORGET
ABOUT WHAT JOHN
SAID -

AGATHA, THE
HOUSEKEEPER
ENTERS VIRGINIA'S
ROOM -

ARE YOU
COMFORTABLE,
DARLING? - WOULD
YOU LIKE A CUP
OF TEA .?

NO, THANK YOU
AGATHA, NOT TO-
NIGHT - I THINK
I'LL JUST GO TO
SLEEP -

LATER, OUT OF
THE SHADOWS
OF DARKNESS,
VIRGINIA
FRIGHTFULLY
GAZES UPON AN
APPROACHING
FIGURE
HOLDING A
GRUBSOME
DAGGER

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, VIRGINIA?
WHAT'S WRONG?

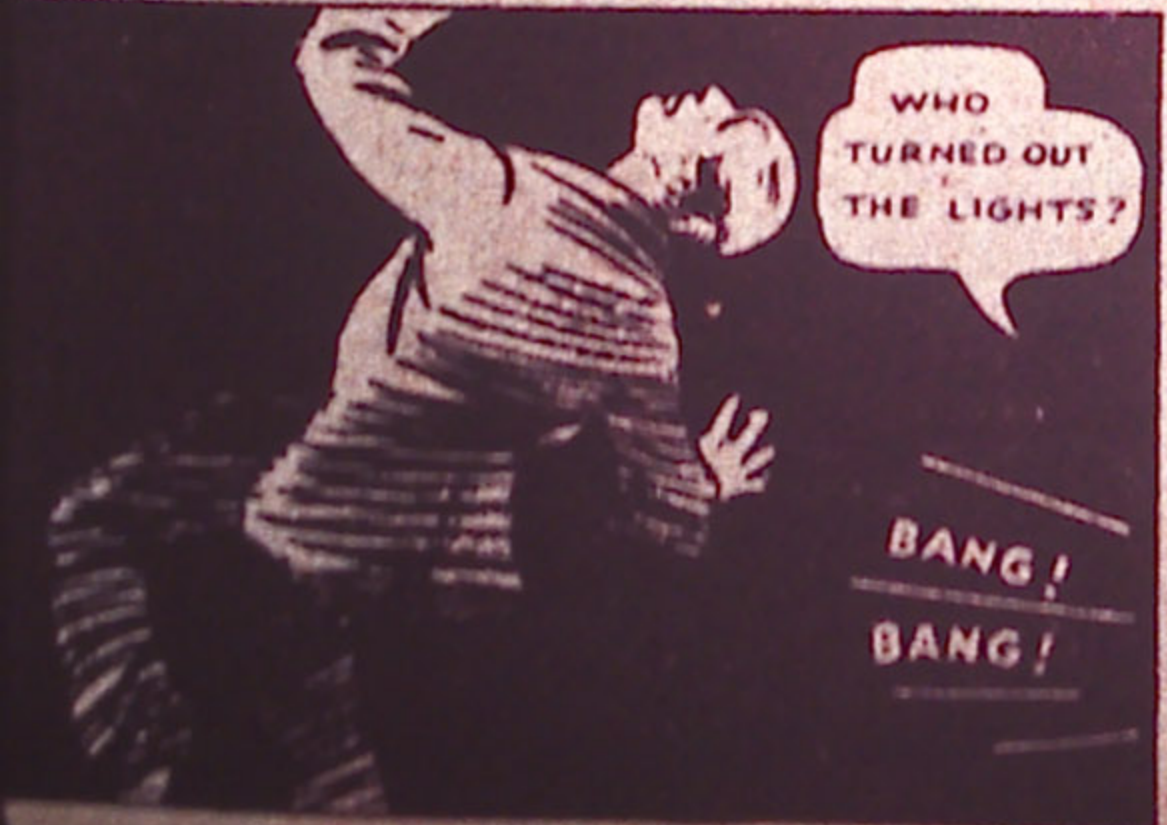
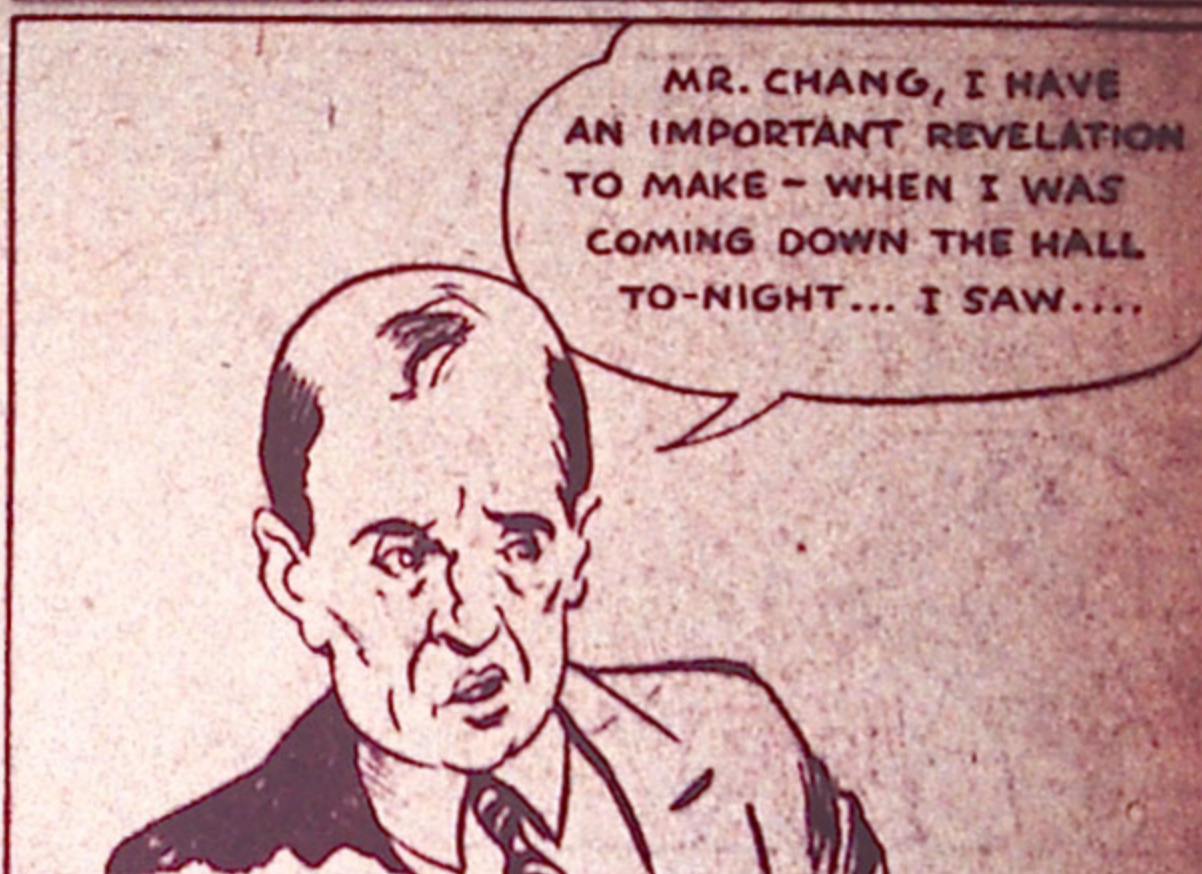
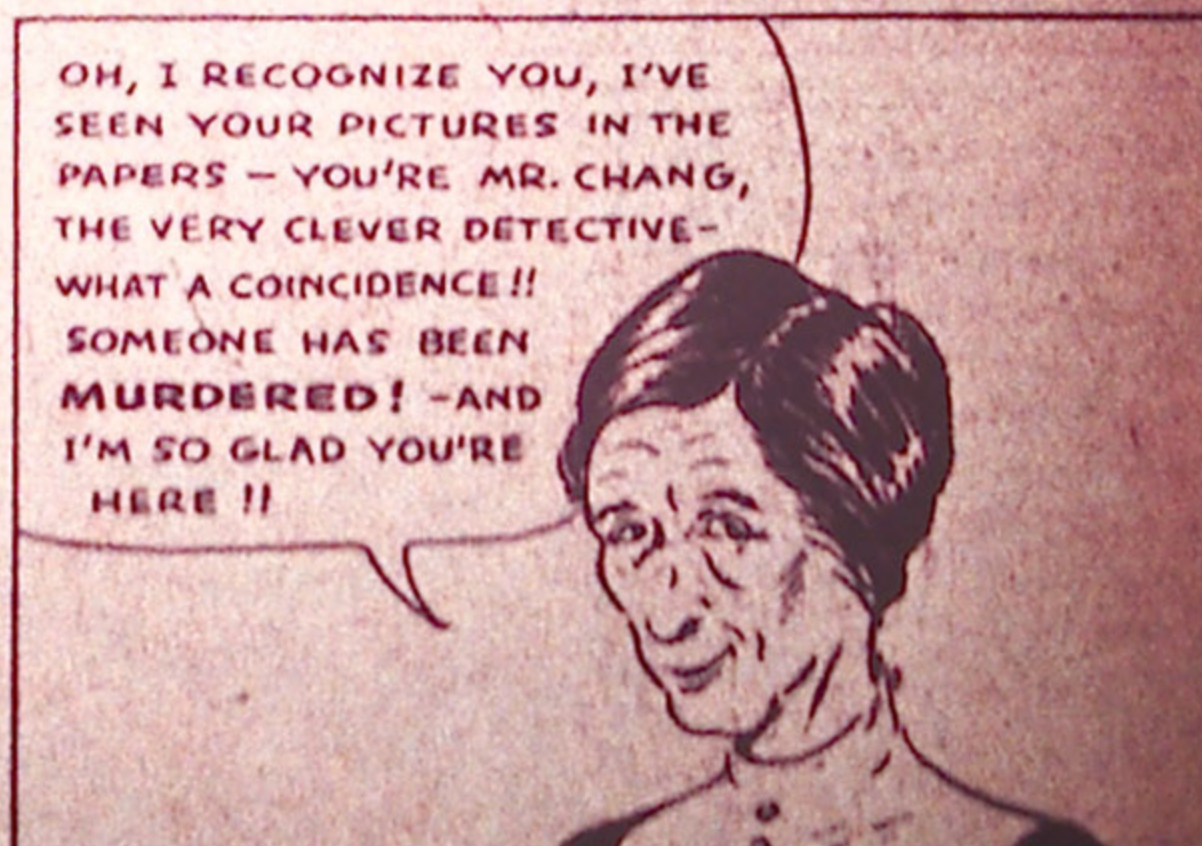
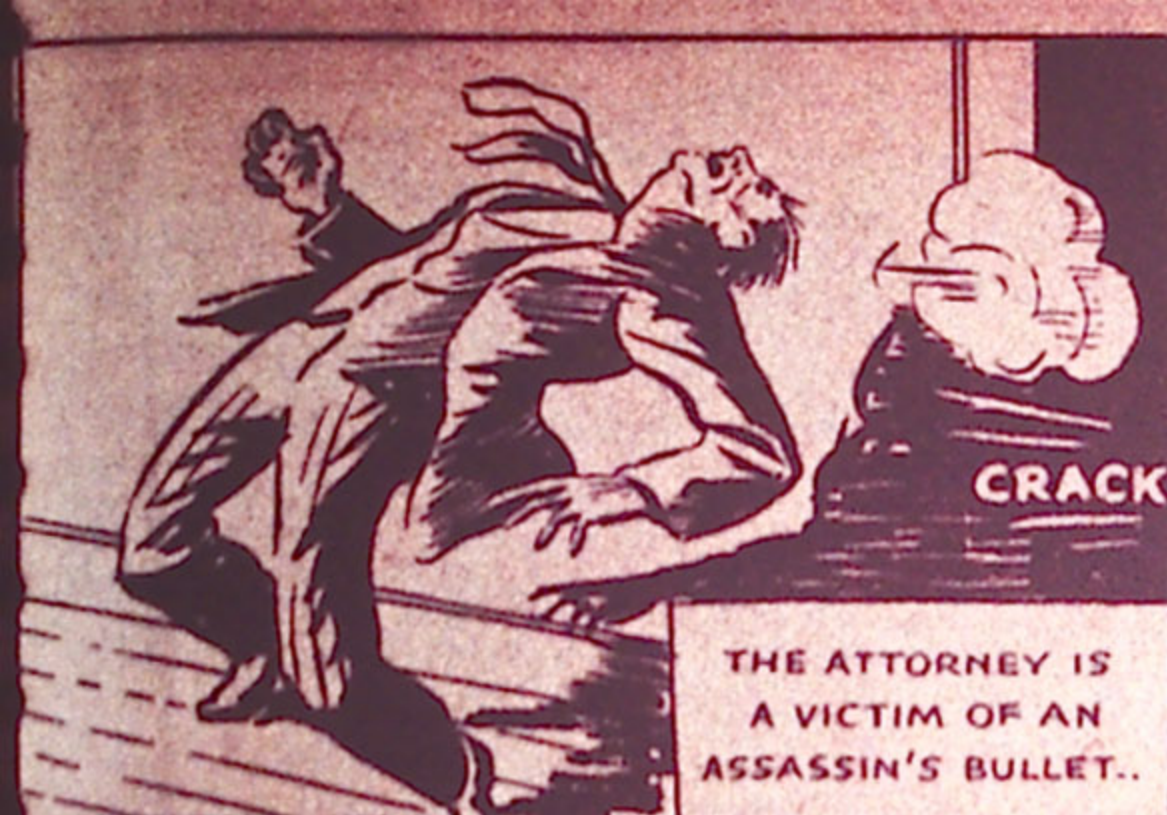
OH - OUT THE WINDOW!
HURRY!! HE TRIED TO
KILL ME!

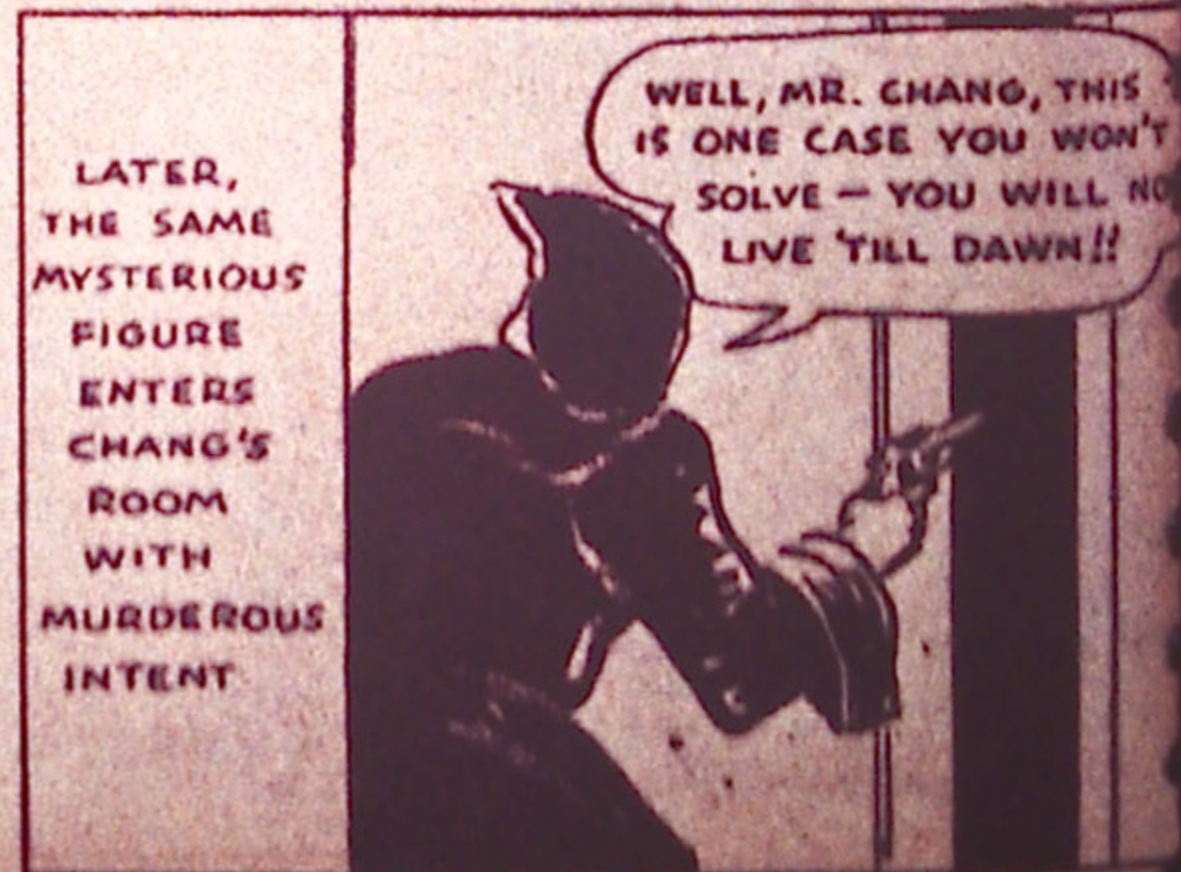
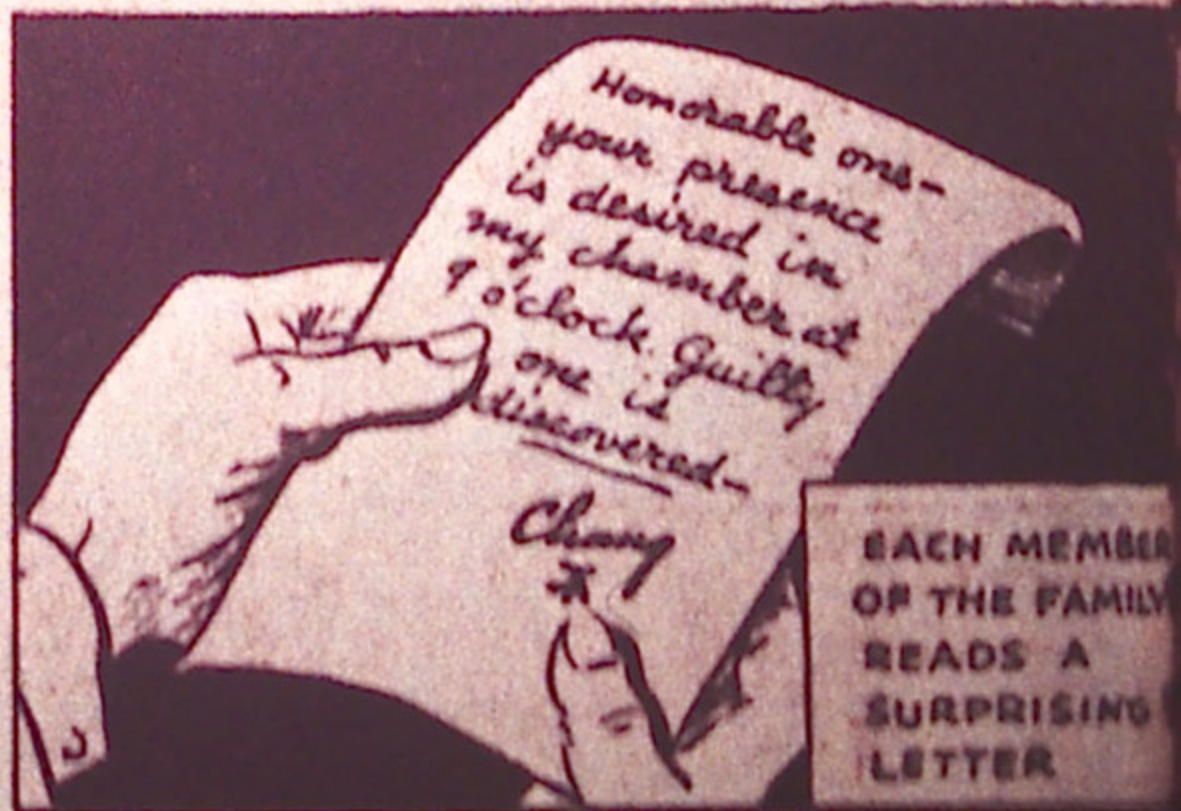
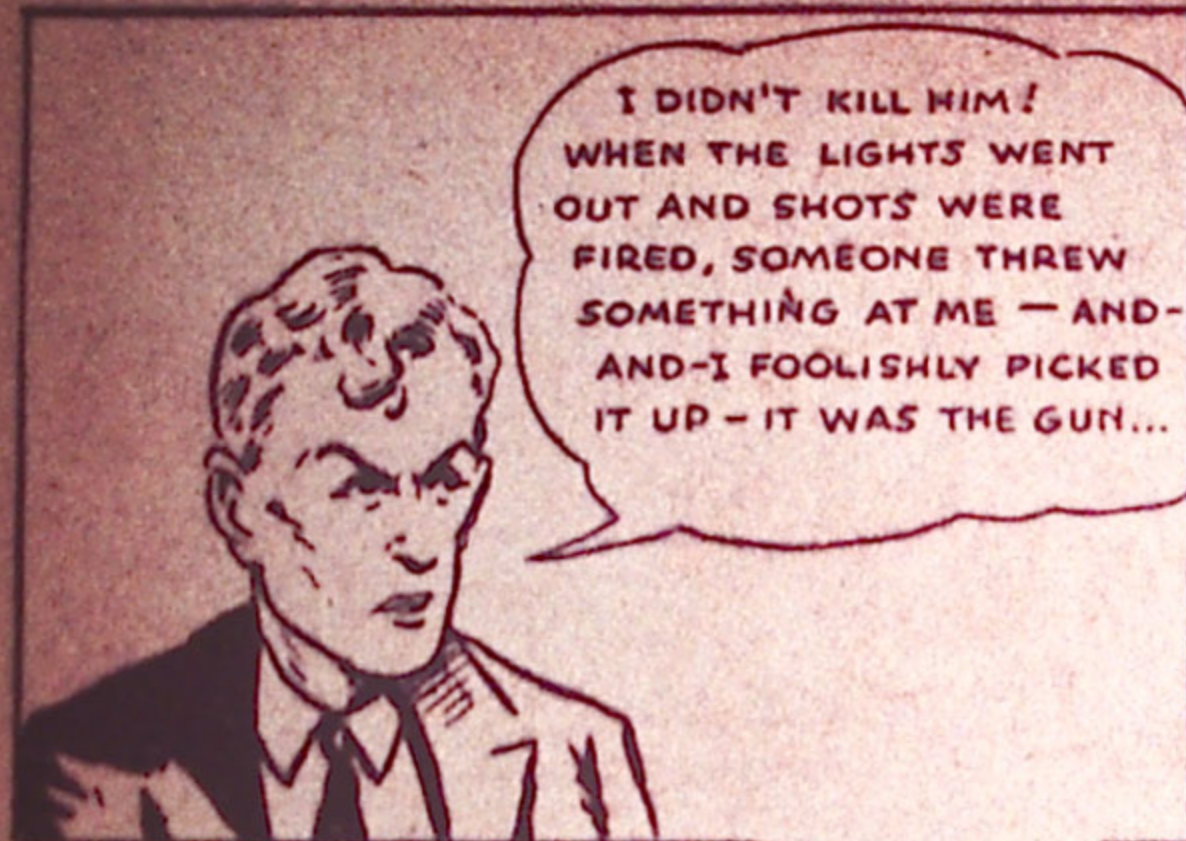
HE'S DISAPPEARED -
WE'RE TOO LATE!!

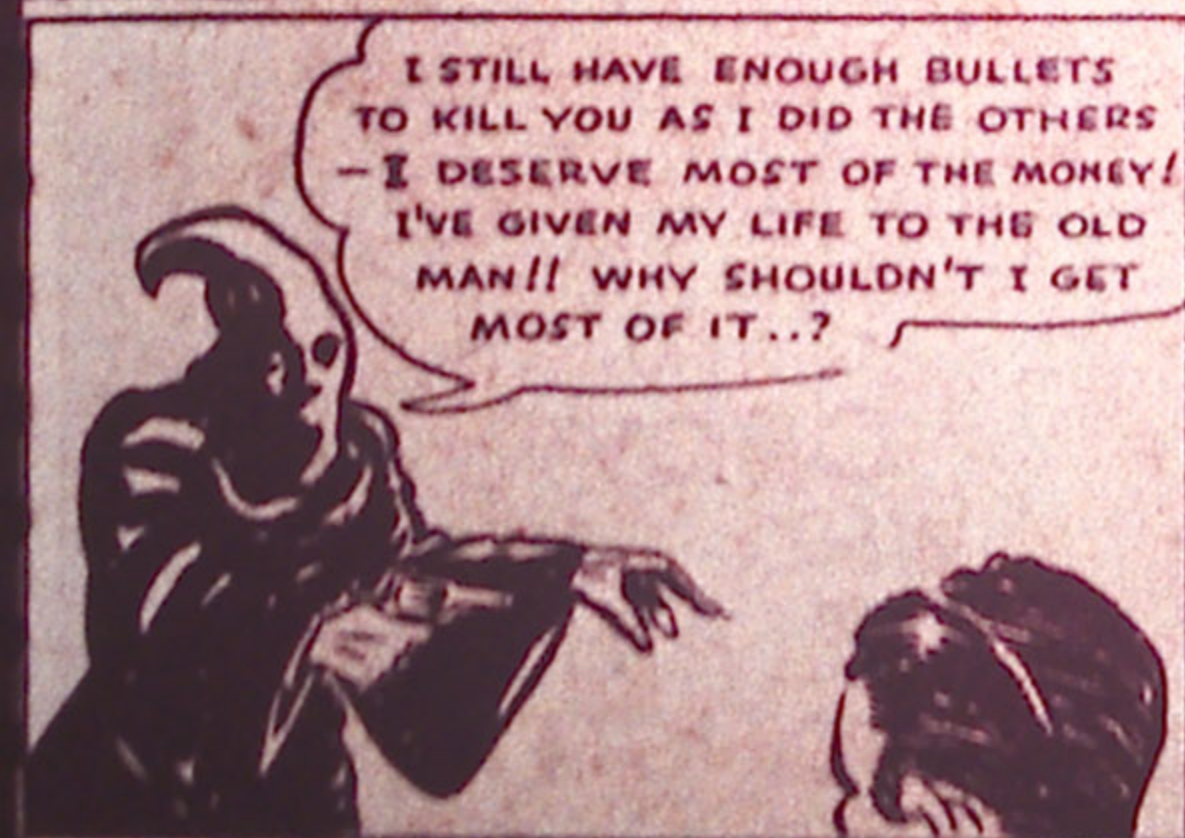
WHAT'S
THAT?

IT SOUNDS
LIKE SHOTS!!

BANG!
BANG!





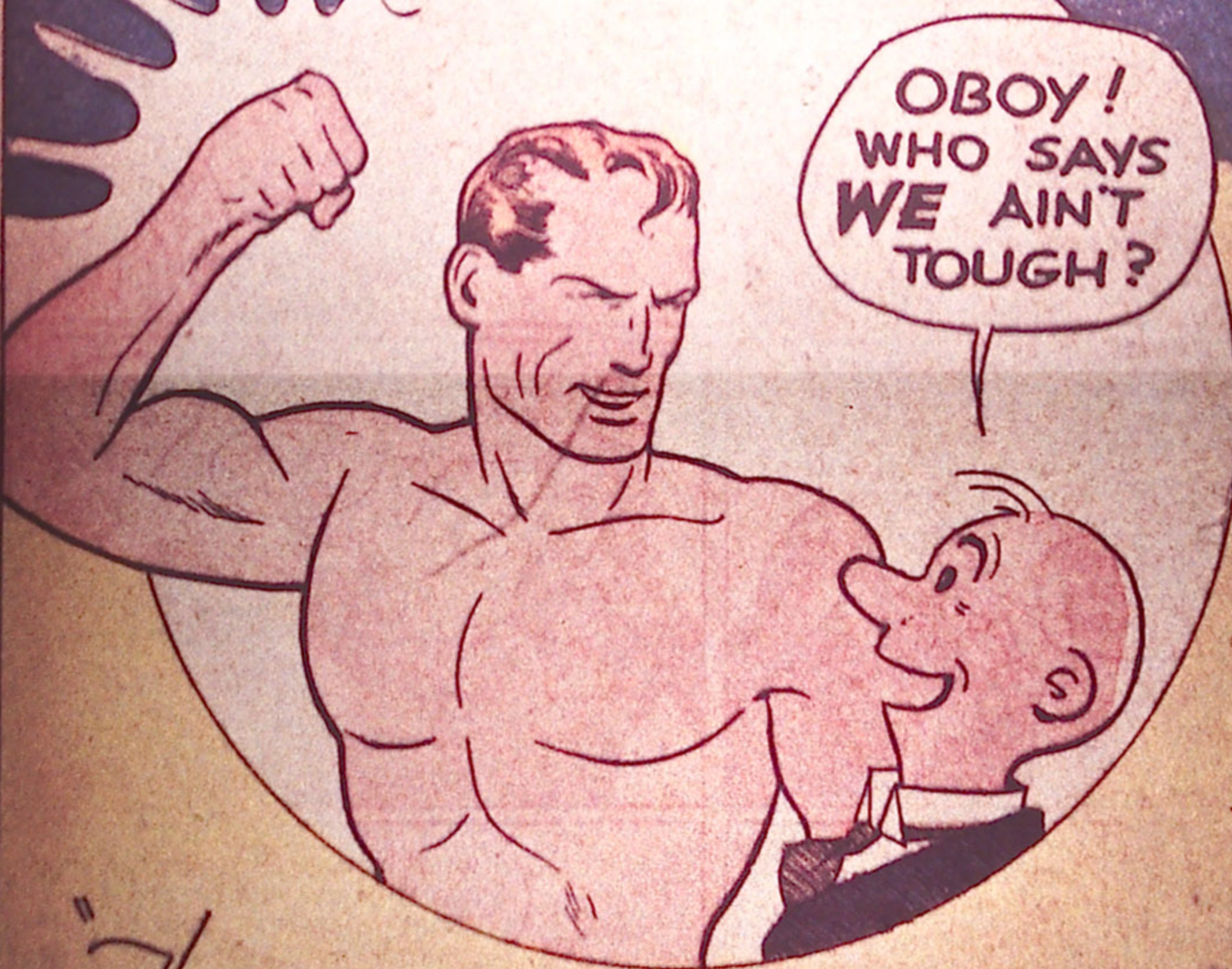


T
H
E
E
N
D

SLAM

SIEGEL &
SHUSTER

BRADLEY



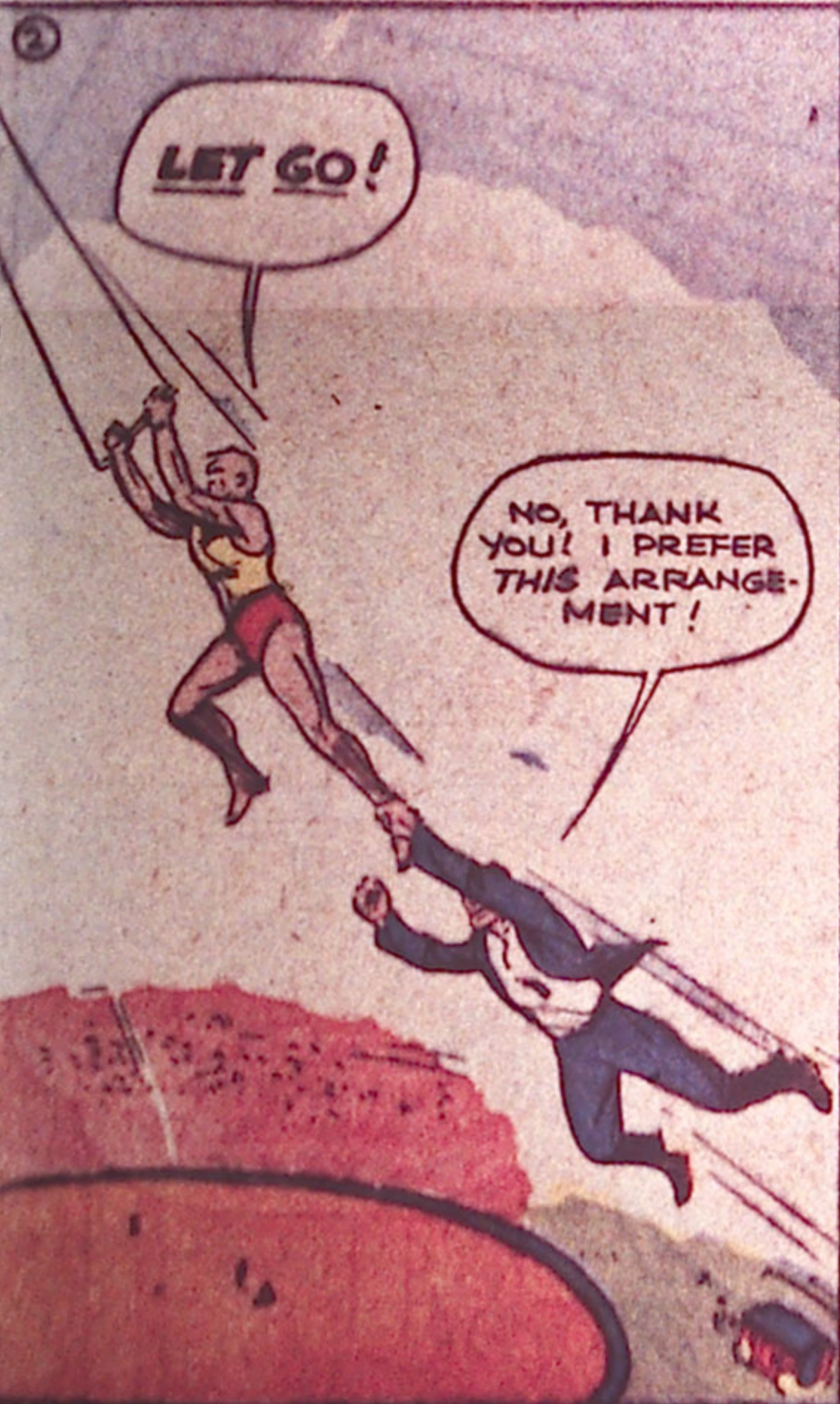
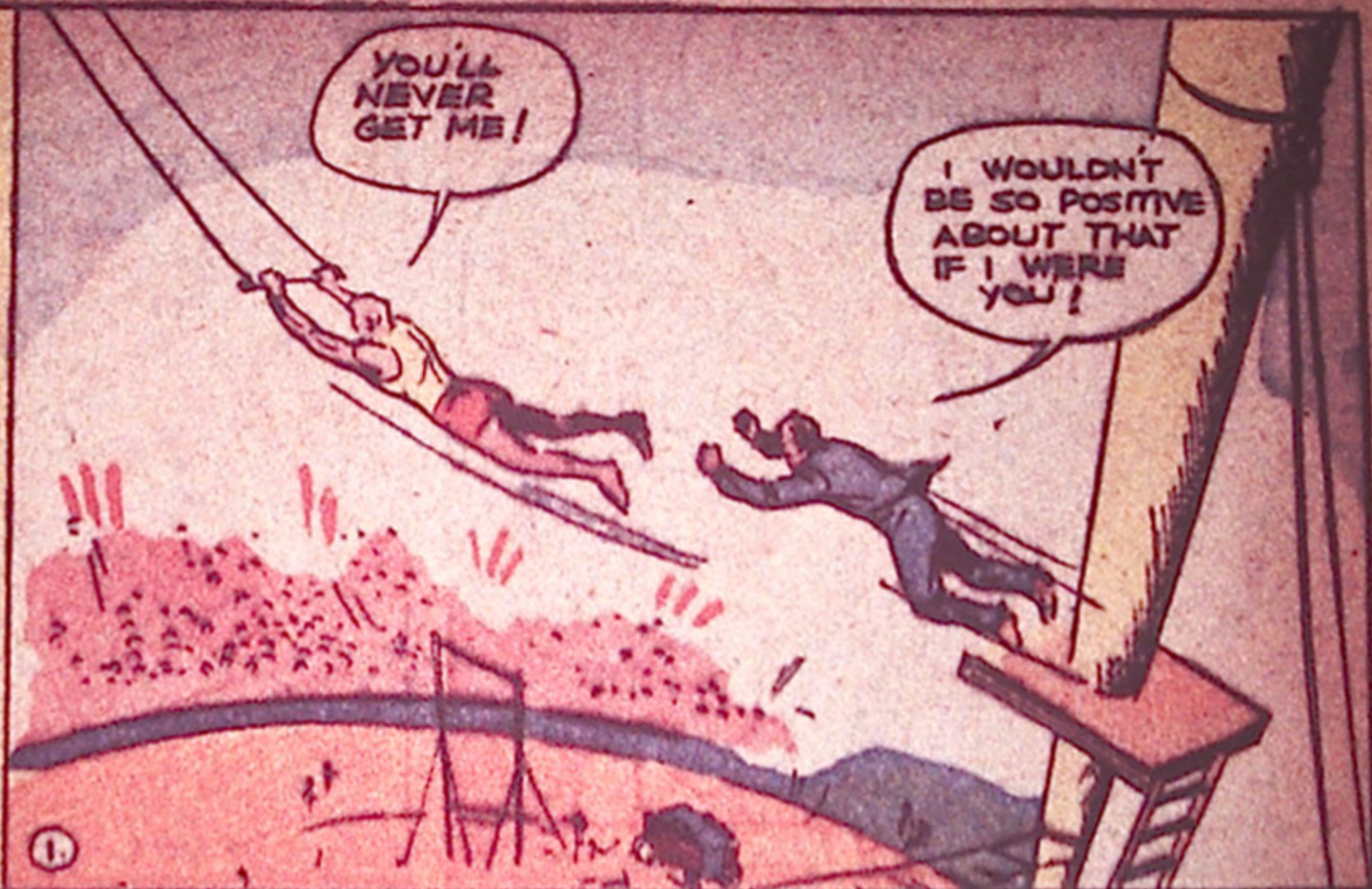
OBOY!
WHO SAYS
WE AIN'T
TOUGH?

"The HOLLYWOOD MURDERS"

HIRED BY THE MOVIES AS STUNT
MEN, SLAM AND SHORTY PULL A
COUPLE UNEXPECTED STUNTS OF
THEIR OWN WHEN MURDER STALKS
THEIR STUDIO

ONLY A MANIAC OR SLAM BRADLEY WOULD HAVE ATTEMPTED IT! UNCOVERING DEFINITE PROOF THAT A CIRCUS TRAPEZE-ARTIST IS A WANTED MURDERER, SLAM PURSUES HIS MAN TO THE VERY TIP OF THE TRAPEZE PLATFORM ITSELF!

WHEN HIS PREY SWINGS OUT INTO SPACE IN A WILD ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE, SLAM CALMLY LAUNCHES HIMSELF IN PURSUIT!

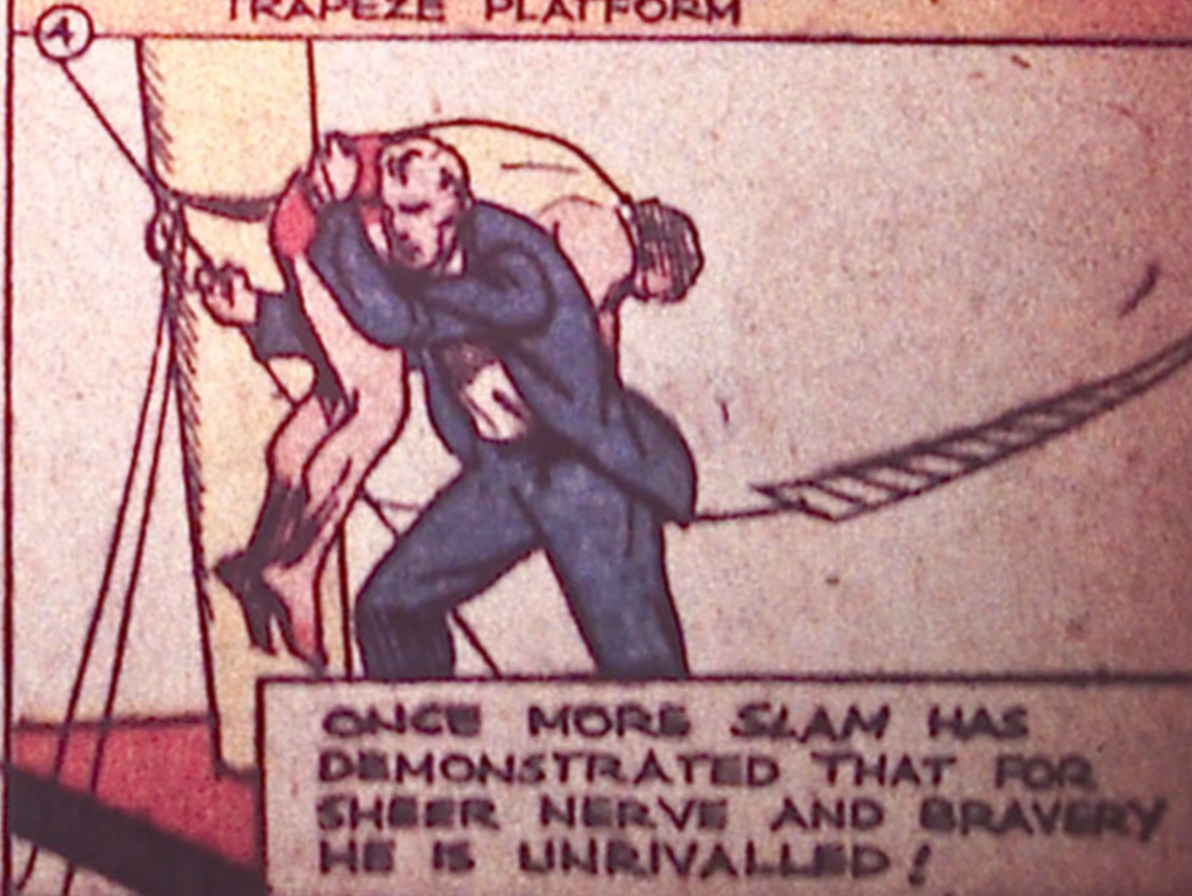


AN OUTFLUNG ARM CATCHES ONE OF THE ACROBATE'S ANKLES! DESPITE ALL THE TRAPEZE-ARTIST'S KICKING AND SQUIRMING, HE CANNOT DISLODGE SLAM AND SEND HIM HURTLING TO HIS DEATH.

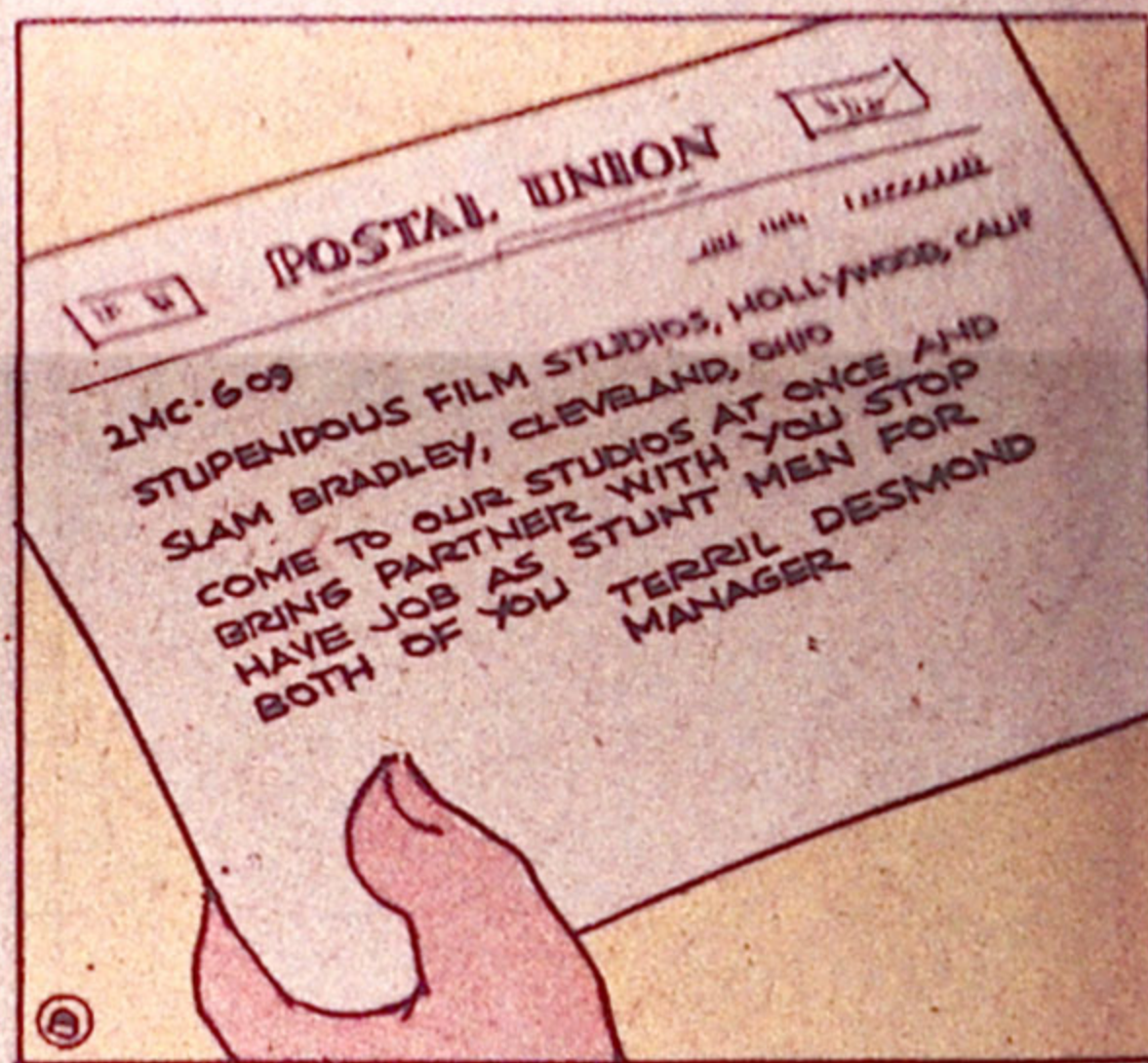
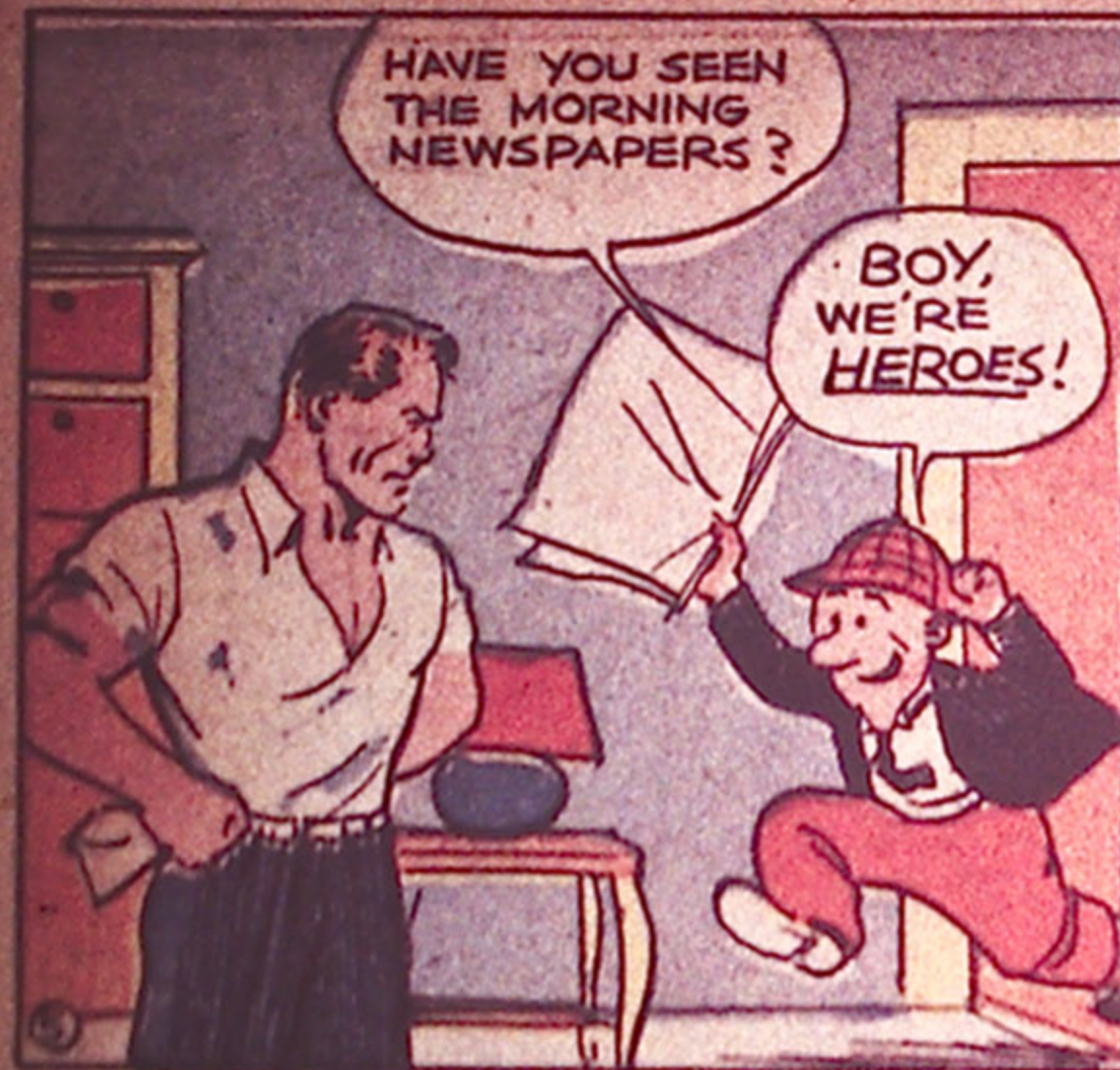
SLAM, CLIMBING UP THE PERFORMER'S BODY AS THO IT WERE A LADDER, SECURES A GRIP ON THE TRAPEZE BAR.



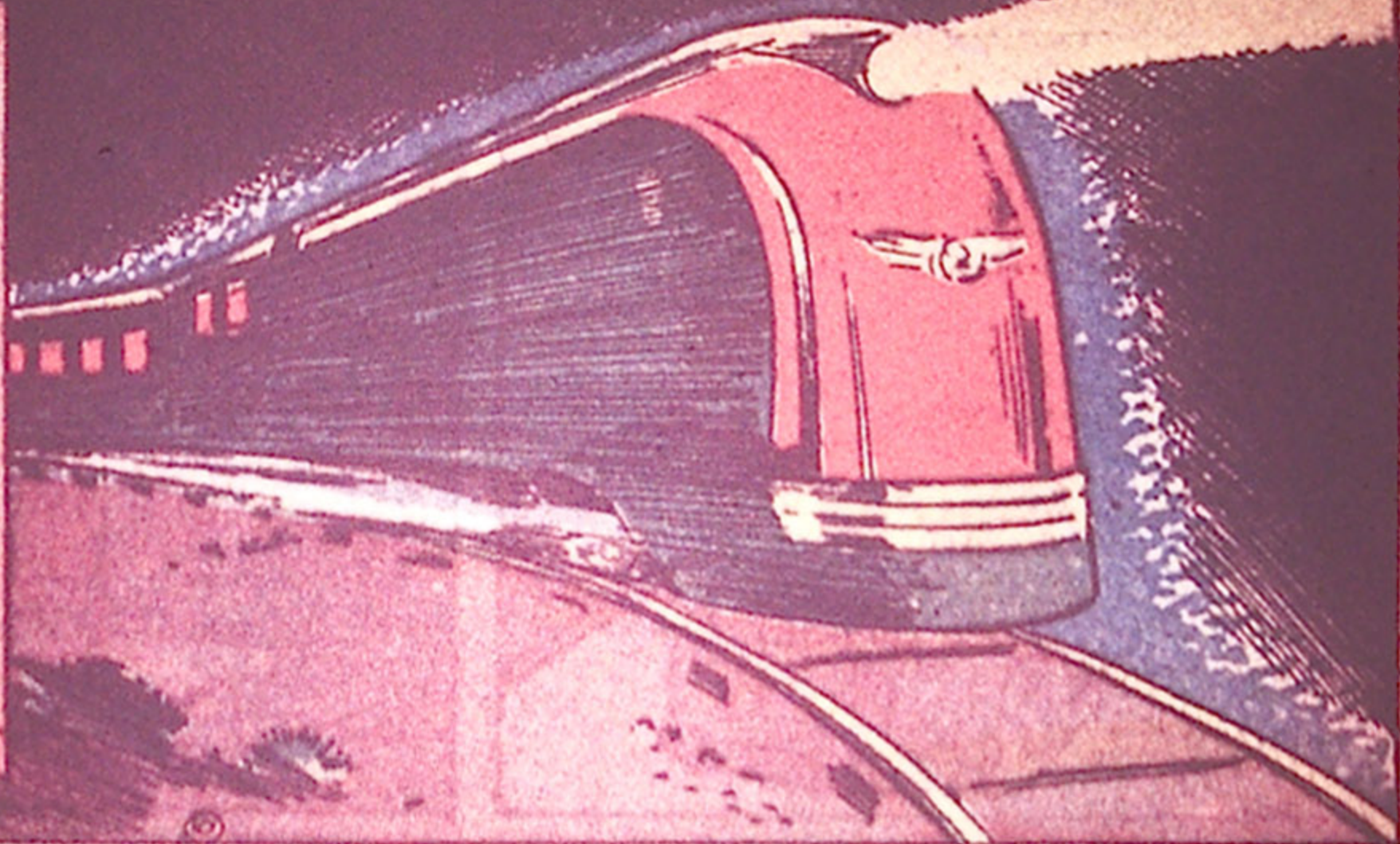
WITH THE FIGURE OF THE MAN HE HAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS SLUNG OVER HIS SHOULDER, SLAM ATTEMPTS AND SUCCESSFULLY MAKES A LANDING ON THE TRAPEZE PLATFORM.



ONCE MORE SLAM HAS DEMONSTRATED THAT FOR SHEER NERVE AND BRAVERY HE IS UNRIVALLED!



SLAM AND
SHORTY BOARD
THE EARLIEST
TRAIN TO
HOLLYWOOD!
AS THE STREAM-
LINED WONDER
WHIZZES BY
MILE AFTER
MILE, EVEN THE
RAILS SEEM TO
SING GAILY IN
ANTICIPATION
OF A SWELL
HOLIDAY IN
MOVIELAND.



AT THE CULVER CITY STATION...

YES, I'M SLAM
BRADLEY AND
THIS IS 'SHORTY'
MORGAN, MY
PARTNER

A STUDIO
CAR IS WAITING
TO TAKE YOU
TO STUPENDOUS
FILMS. FOLLOW
ME, PLEASE



BOY!
THIS IS
WHAT I CALL
CLASS!

DON'T LET
MY FAME GO
TO YOUR HEAD,
SHORTY!



HEY! WHAT'S
THE IDEA?
WHAT DID
HE DO?

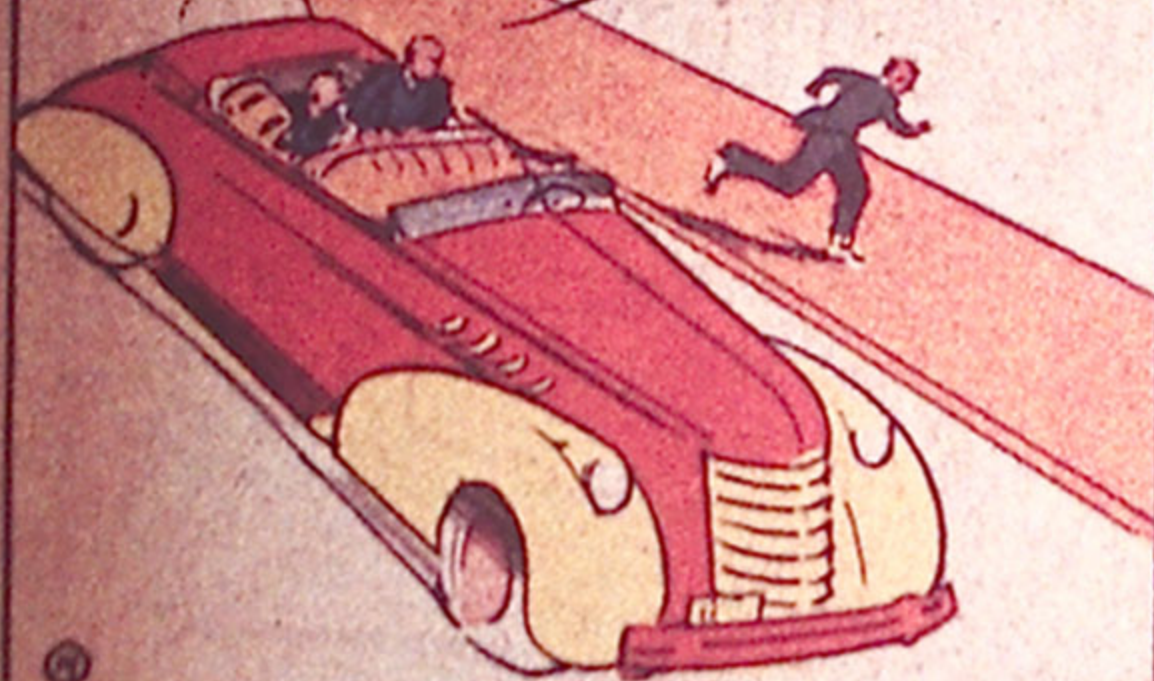
THIS GUY'S A PHONEY!
I HAPPEN TO KNOW THIS
TOWN. HE'S GOING IN THE
WRONG DIRECTION AND
IF THIS ISN'T A GUN UNDER
HIS COAT, I'M GRETA GARBO'S
UNDERSTUDY!



TEARING HIMSELF FREE, THE
CHAUFFEUR LEAPS FROM THE CAR

HEY!
Y'AIN'T GONNA
LET HIM SCRAM
ARE YA?

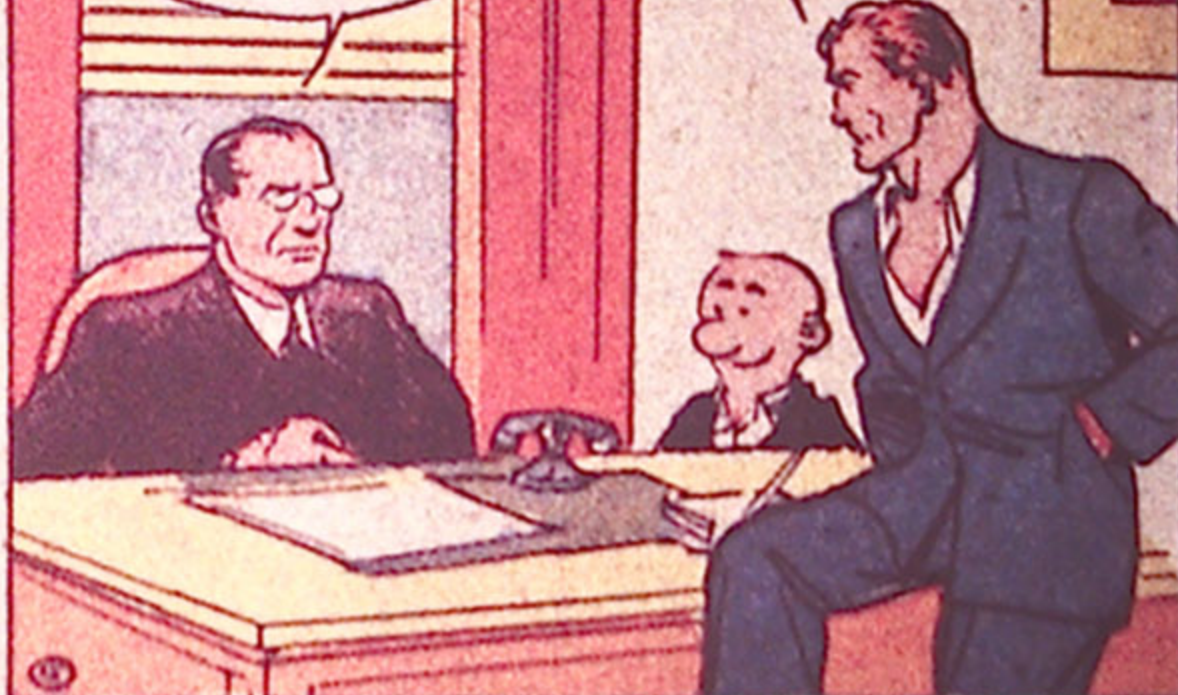
WHY NOT?
WE CAME TO
HOLLYWOOD TO
RELAX, DIDN'T
WE?



SLAM DRIVES THE CAR TO THE STUDIO,
WHERE THEY MEET MR. DESMOND

THAT'S STRANGE!
WE HAVE NO
CHAUFFEUR OF
THAT DESCRIP-
TION WORKING
FOR US

WELL, MAYBE
HE'S JUST A FRIEND
OF A FRIEND OF
AN ENEMY OF
OURS!



THE JOB WE HAVE
FOR YOU, MR. BRADLEY,
IS AS LARRY GARRY'S
STUNT-DOUBLE IN
THE MOVIE
"JUNGLE MAN"

YEAH, BUT
WHAT ABOUT
ME? WHO
DO I DOUBLE
FOR?

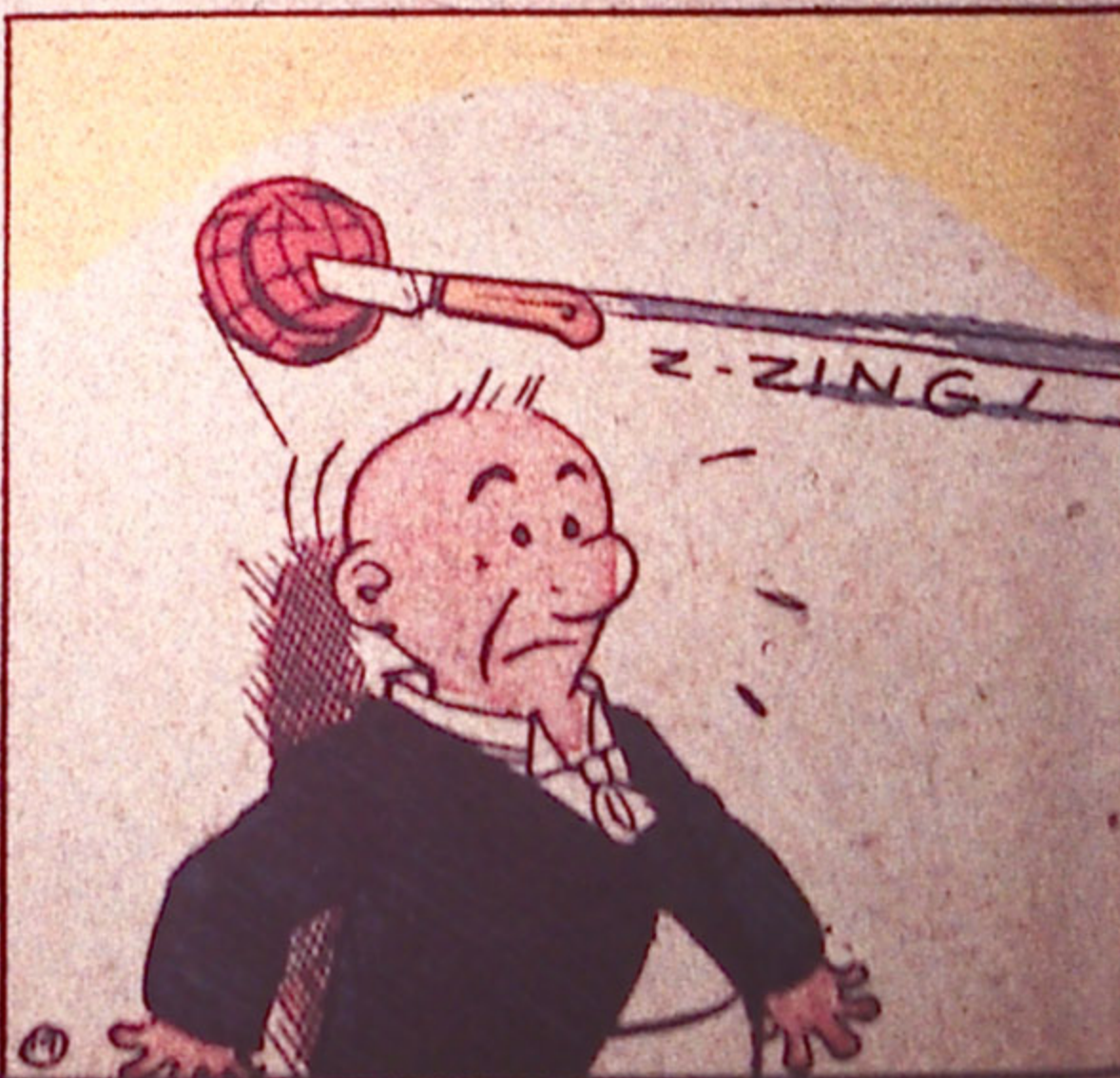
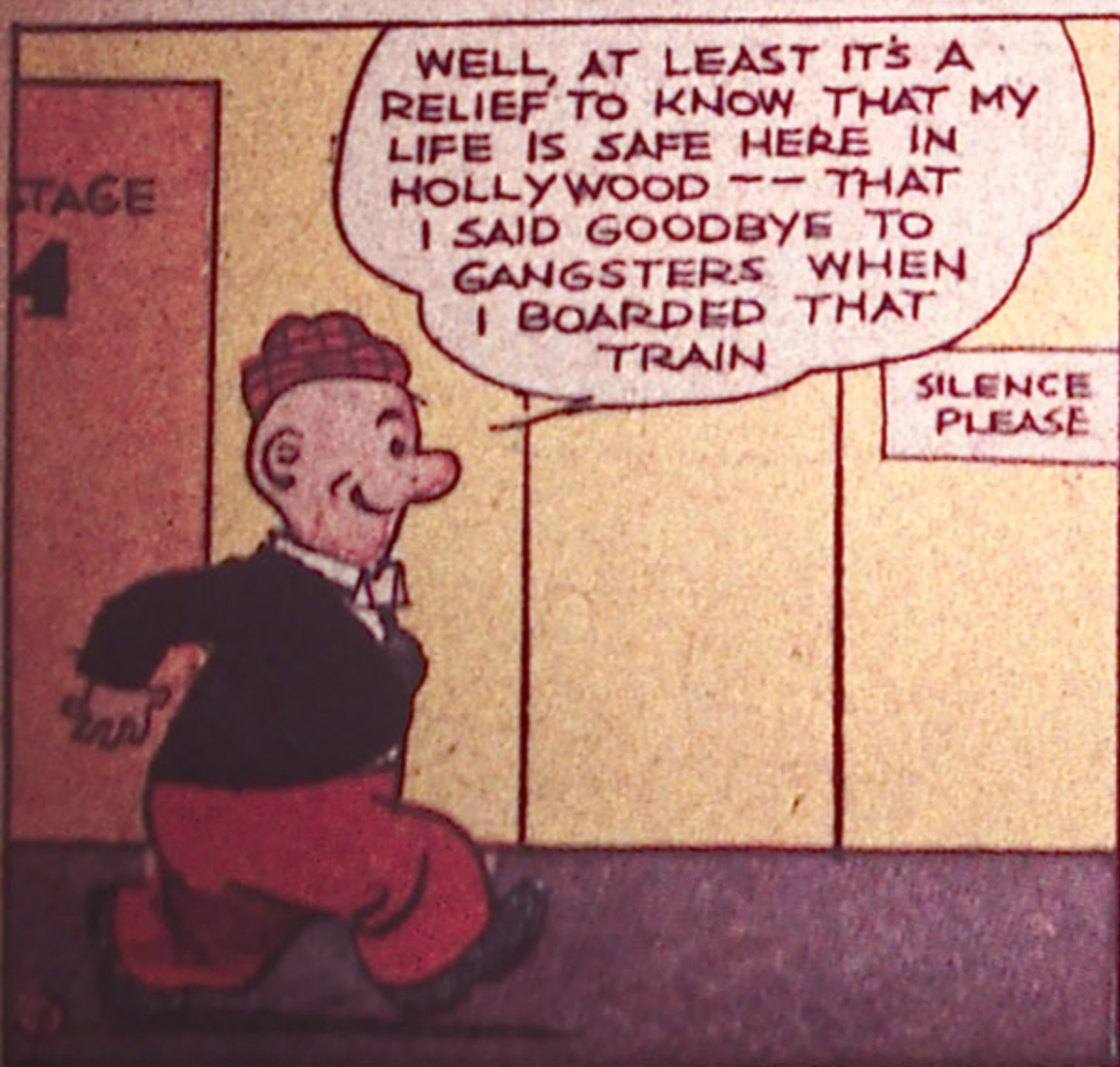


AFTER LOOKING
AT YOU, I'VE DECIDED
YOU BELONG IN OUR
COMEDY STUDIO



WELL, AT LEAST IT'S A
RELIEF TO KNOW THAT MY
LIFE IS SAFE HERE IN
HOLLYWOOD -- THAT
I SAID GOODBYE TO
GANGSTERS WHEN
I BOARDED THAT
TRAIN

SILENCE
PLEASE



STAGE
4

SLAM! SLAM!
LOOK! SOME ONE
JUST THREW A
DAGGER AT ME!

PROBABLY
JUST SOME ONE
PLAYING A
PRACTICAL
JOKE

THEN THE PEOPLE
AROUND HERE
CERTAINLY MUST
HAVE AN ODD
SENSE OF
HUMOR!

LATER -- ON THE STUDIO JUNGLE SET

MR. GARRY,
I'D LIKE YOU TO
MEET YOUR
STUNT-DOUBLE,
SLAM BRADLEY!

SEE THAT
YOU KEEP
YOUR FACE
TURNED
AWAY FROM
THE CAMERA

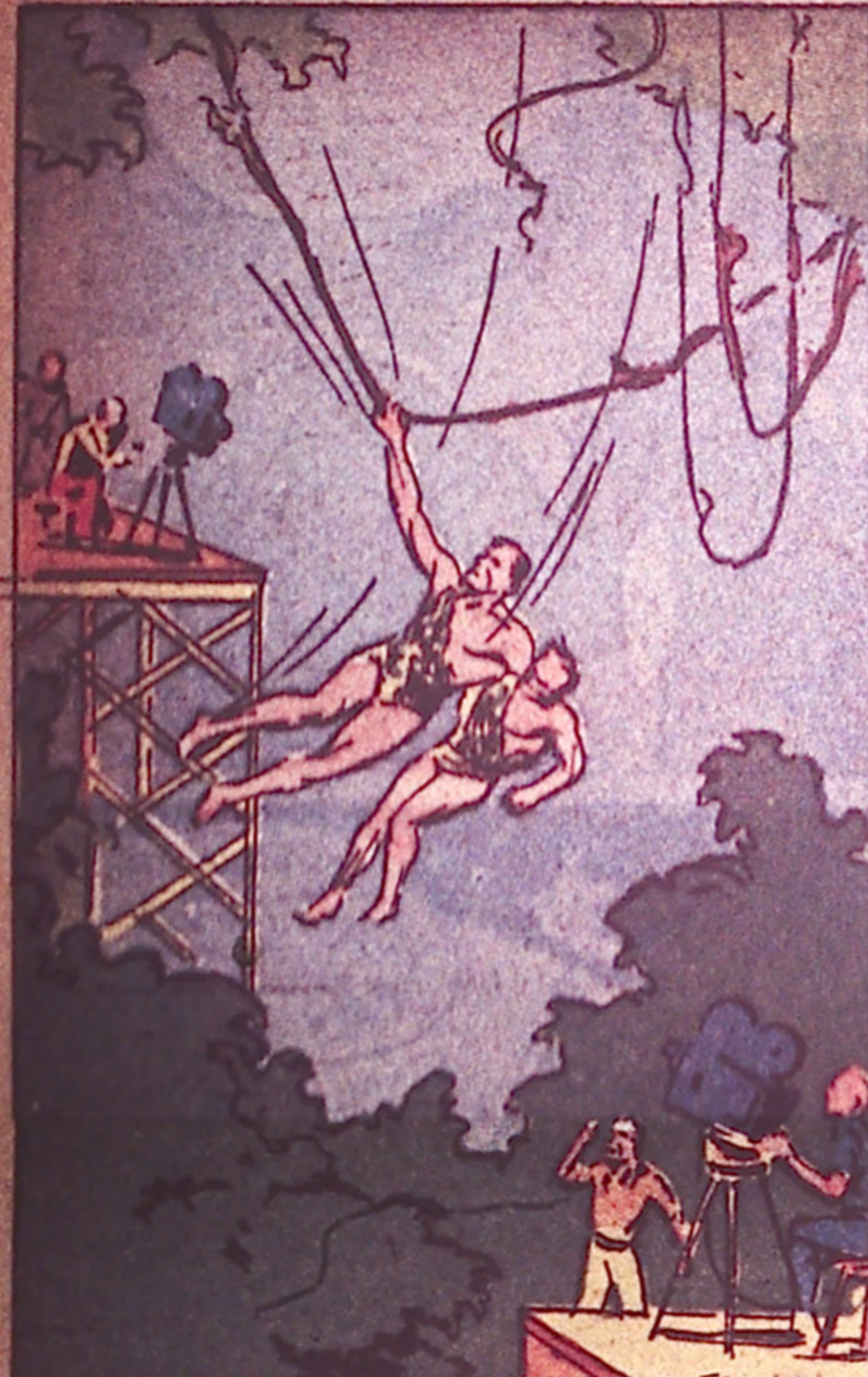
IF YOU DON'T
CHANGE YOUR
TONE I'LL TURN
YOUR HEAD TILL
THAT NECK
LOOKS LIKE A
CORK-SCREW!

COME ON, MR.
JUNGLE MAN!
HERE'S WHERE
YOU GET A CHANCE
TO STRUT YOUR
STUFF!

FIRE HIM!
FIRE HIM AT
ONCE, I SAY!

WHILE THE ENTIRE MOVIE LOT
WATCHES IN SECRET AMUSEMENT
SLAM TAKES A BADLY FRIGHTENED
HE-MAN OF THE JUNGLE FOR AN
AERIAL RIDE THRU THE TREES

BUT THE AMUSE-
MENT WOULD HAVE
TURNED TO HORROR
HAD ANYONE OBSERV-
ED A BLACK-GLOVED
HAND CUT THE
SLENDER VINE UPON
WHICH SLAM AND HIS
BURDEN SWING FULLY
FIFTY FEET FROM
THE GROUND!



SUDDENLY THE VINE PARTS!! --
 SHRIEKS FROM HORRIFIED WATCHERS
 SPLIT THE AIR AS THE DEATH DROP
 BEGINS! -- BUT SLAM'S ARM FLASHES
 OUT, AND AT THE LAST SECOND HE
 GRASPS ANOTHER VINE, BREAKING
 THEIR FALL!

(25)

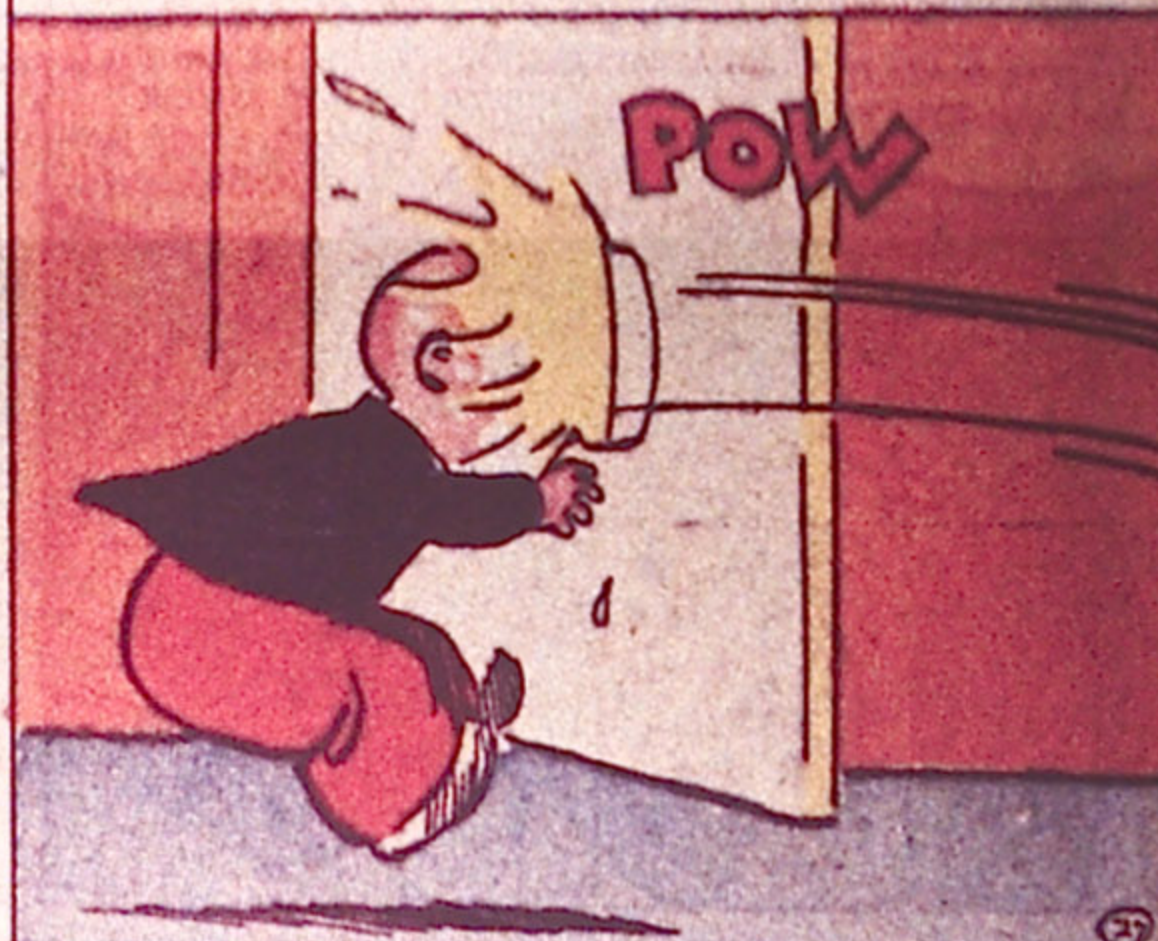
MEANWHILE, AT THE COMEDY STUDIO

NOW ALL YOU'VE
 GOT TO DO IS SHOVE
 YOUR HEAD THRU
 THE DOOR AND CATCH
 A LEMON PIE SMACK
 IN THE FACE

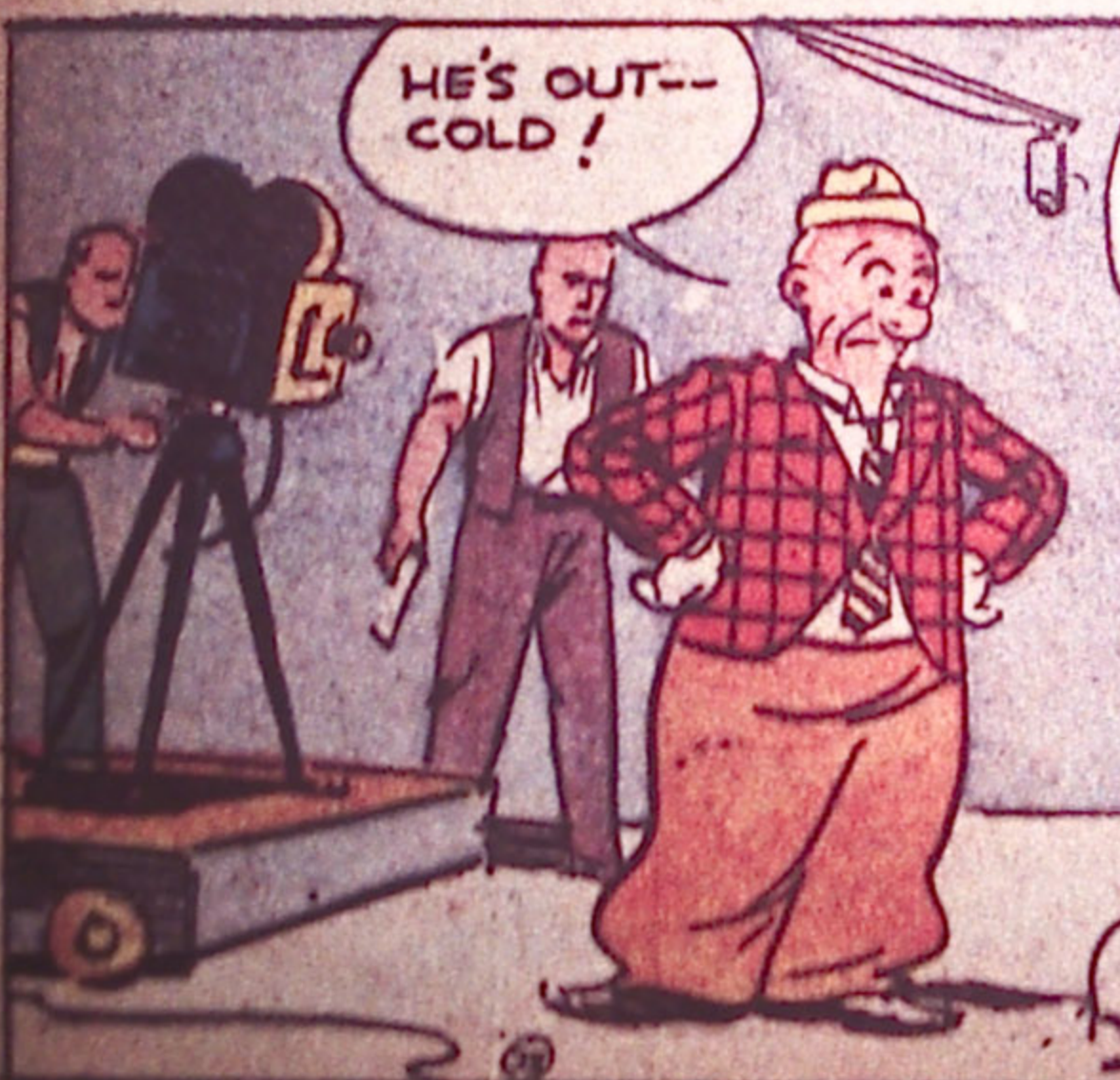
AW! DON'T
 MAKE IT LEMON
 PIE! THAT'S
 MY PET HATE!



THE DOOR OPENS -- SHORTY SHOVES
 HIS HEAD THRU -- THEN...



(26)



HE'S OUT--
 COLD!

NO WONDER!
 LOOK! SOME ONE
 SLIPPED A BAR OF
 LEAD INSIDE THE
 PIE! IT'S A MIR-
 ACLE HE WASN'T
 KILLED!

I-I TOLD YA
 I DIDN'T LIKE
 LEMON
 PIE!

THERE'S
 SOMETHING
 DECIDEDLY
 QUEER
 AFOOT!

SOME ONE
 UNDOUBTEDLY
 IS TRYING
 TO MURDER
 SLAM AND
 SHORTY--
 BUT

WHY?

DETERMINED TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE MYSTERIOUS ATTACKS UPON THEIR LIVES, SLAM AND SHORTY VISIT THE OFFICES OF THE STUDIO'S PRESIDENT

MR. BENTLEY
PRESIDENT
STUPENDOUS
FILM STUDIO

PRIVATE

BUT I TELL YOU!
MR. BENTLEY
ISN'T IN!

ONE SIDE, SISTER!
WE'RE BEYOND THE
AGE WHERE WE BE-
LIEVE IN FAIRY TALES!

IT LOOKS LIKE THAT
GAL WASN'T STRINGING
US, AFTER ALL. HE'S
NOT IN! WELL, I'LL
JUST LOOK BEHIND
THIS DOOR, ANYWAY

DON'T
BOTHER!
IT'S JUST A
CLOSET!

WHAT TH--!

W-WHO
IS IT?

IT MUST BE
BENTLEY! AND
HE'S DEAD --
STONE DEAD!

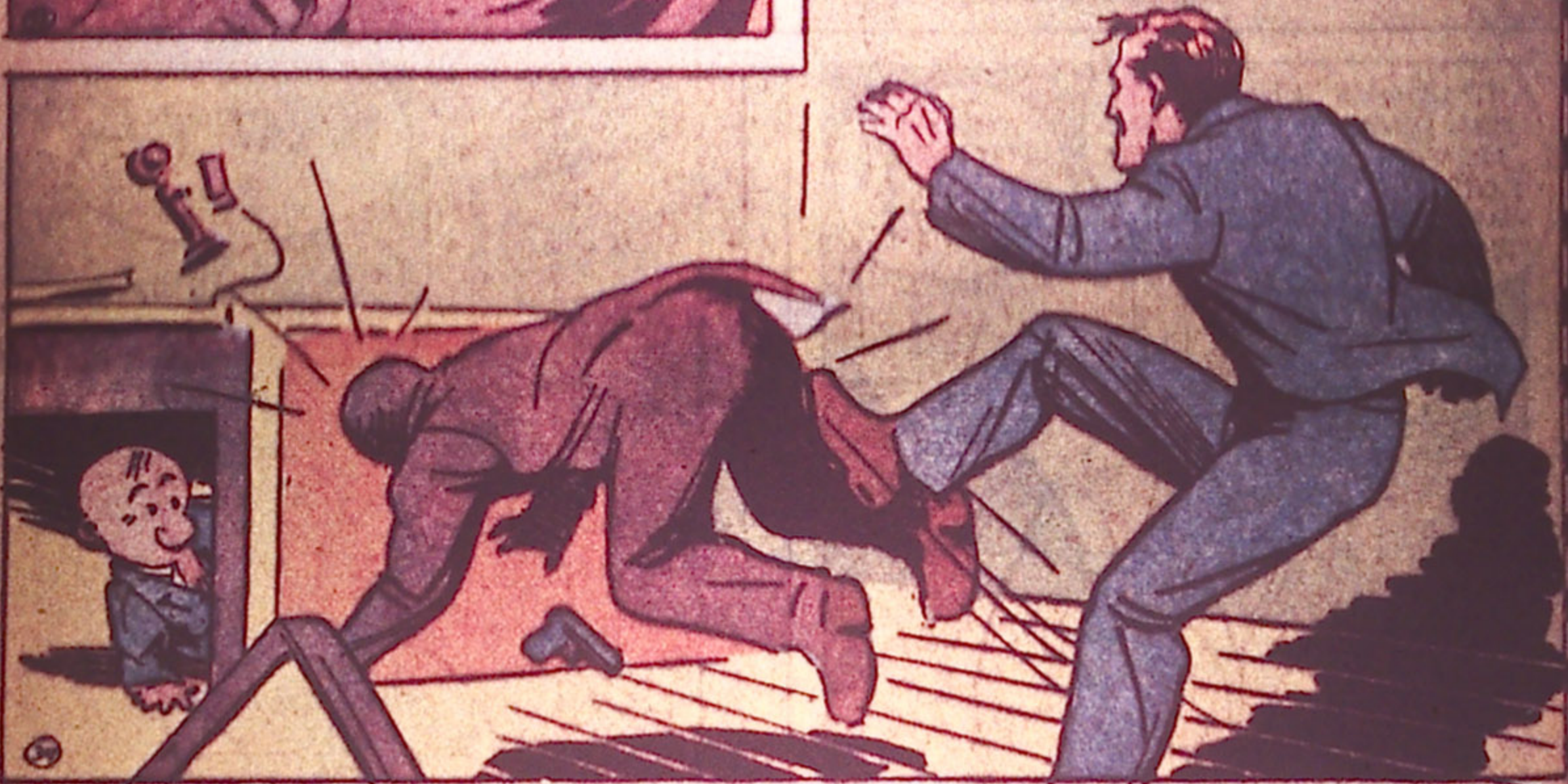
CORRECT, GENTLEMEN!
DEAD! AND JUST AS
DEAD AS YOU'LL BE
IN SEVERAL SECONDS!

THE HOODED GUNMAN, SOON LEARNS THAT MERE GUNS CAN'T COW SLAM BRADLEY. WITH NOTHING ELSE HANDY, SLAM FLINGS HIS SHOE AND CATCHES THE WOULD-BE KILLER SQUARELY IN THE HEAD!



IN THE NEXT FEW SECONDS EVERYONE LEAPS TO COVER, BEHIND DESKS. CRAWLING ON HANDS AND KNEES SLAM STEALTHILY CREEPS UP BEHIND THE GUNMAN, THEN --

I'D GIVE YOU MY AUTOGRAPH BUT THIS GIVES ME MORE PLEASURE!



AS THE KILLER FLEES THRU THE DOOR, SLAM STARTS IN PURSUIT, BUT STUMBLES OVER SHORTY.

SAY! -- WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON, ANYWAY?



GOSH! -- I'M SORRY, SLAM! -- I GUESS HE GOT AWAY!

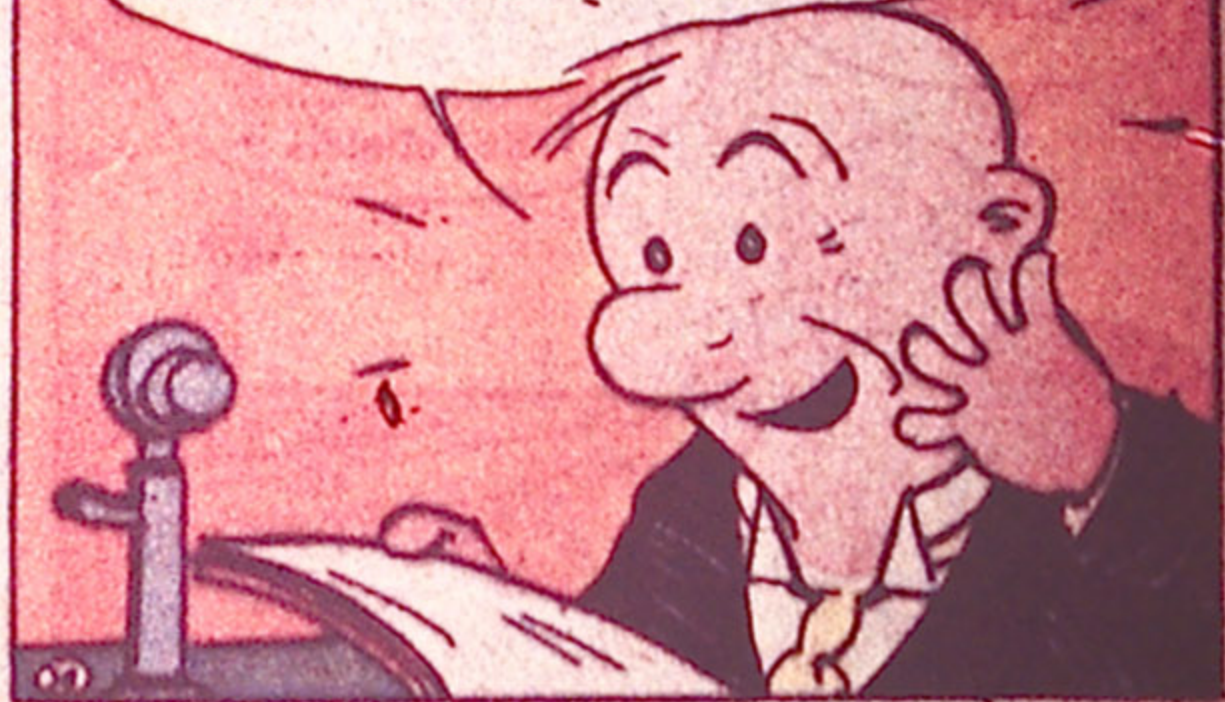
A FINE HELP YOU ARE! -- STAY WHERE YOU CAN'T MESS THINGS UP WHILE I QUESTION THE GIRL AT THE DESK.



NERVOUS AT HAVING TO KEEP A CORPSE COMPANY, SHORTY FLIPS THE PAGES OF THE STUPENDOUS FILM ANNUAL AND ABSTRACTEDLY PLAYS WITH A PENCIL. SUDDENLY --



HOLY MACKEREL! I-I SKETCHED A MUSTACHE AND BEARD ON MR. DESMOND AND... AND HE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE -- **GOLLY, HE IS** -- THE CHAUFFEUR WHO TRIED TO TAKE US FOR A RIDE! -- **BOY!** WHERE'S SLAM?



AS SHORTY IS ABOUT TO DEPART, HE GLIMSES A PAD OF PAPER, THE TOP SHEET OF WHICH BEARS HEAVY IMPRESSIONS. PENCILING OVER THE IMPRESSIONS, HE READS THE RESULT ALOUD...

IT'S THE COPY FOR A TELEGRAM TO SLAM AND READS: "HURRY HERE AT ONCE STOP HAVE RECEIVED THREATENING LETTERS" -- AND IT'S SIGNED: "BENTLEY"

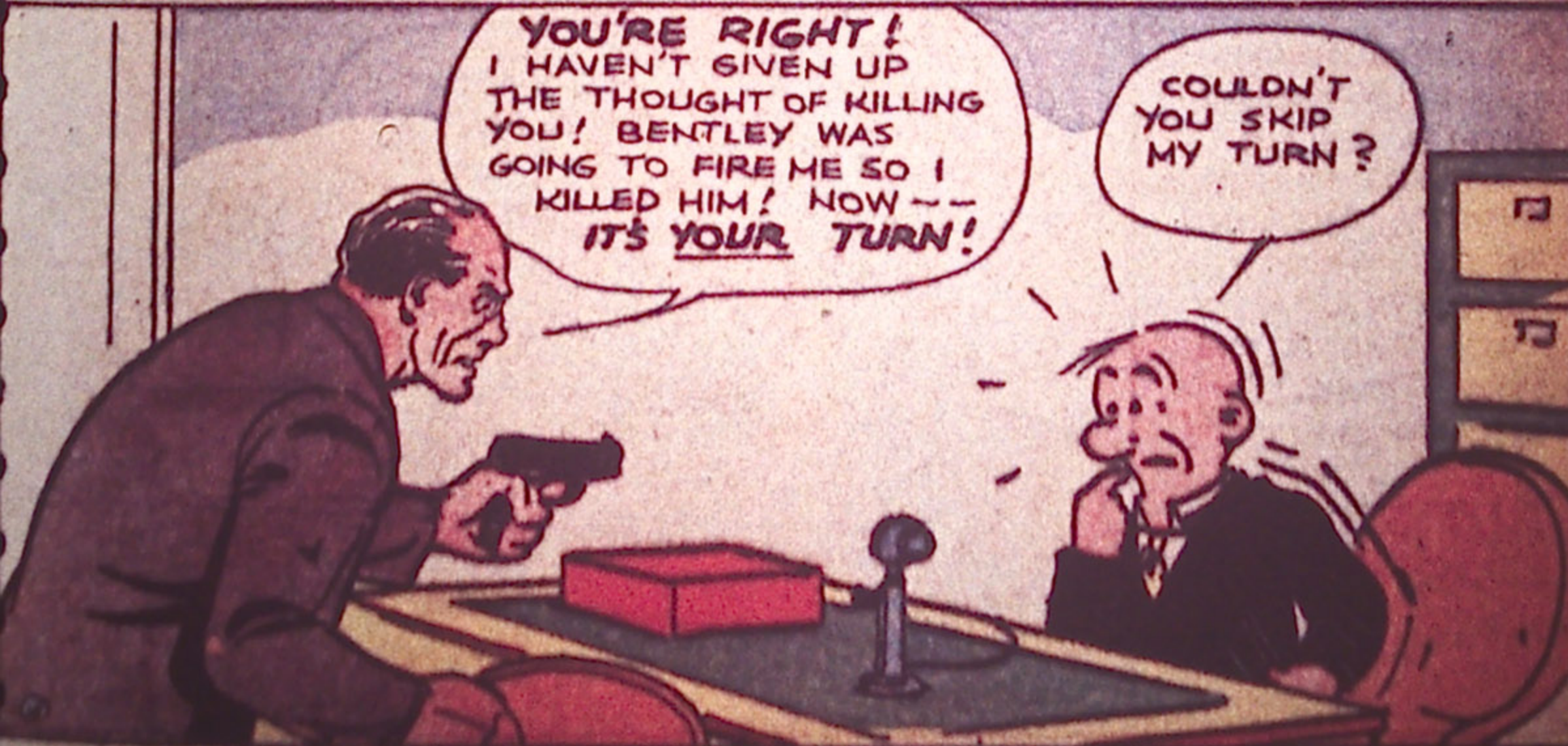


I GET IT! DESMOND KILLED BENTLEY, THEN, KNOWING THAT BENTLEY HAD INSTRUCTED HIS STENOGRAPHER TO TELEGRAPH SLAM, SENT US A TELEGRAM WHICH ARRIVED EARLIER. HE PLANNED TO KILL US ON ARRIVAL, BUT THO HE FAILED, HE HASN'T GIVEN UP YET!



YOU'RE RIGHT! I HAVEN'T GIVEN UP THE THOUGHT OF KILLING YOU! BENTLEY WAS GOING TO FIRE ME SO I KILLED HIM! NOW -- **IT'S YOUR TURN!**

COULDN'T YOU SKIP MY TURN?



GLIMPING THE EAR-PHONE OF THE TELEPHONE DANGLING FREE, SHORTY EXECUTES A WILD PLAN . . .

SLAM BRADLEY IS A DOPE AND A DEADHEAD!

I THOROUGHLY AGREE WITH YOU, BUT LOWER YOUR VOICE OR I'LL PUT A BULLET IN YOUR BRAIN. -- FIRST, I WANT YOU TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS.

TEE-HEE! YOU SHOULD HEAR THE NAMES YOUR PARTNER JUST CALLED YOU!

I'LL TEACH THAT MORON TO CLOWN AT A TIME LIKE THIS!

STAND BACK! STAND BACK OR YOUR PAL GETS IT!


AS SHORTY HAD HOPED, SLAM WRATHFULLY HURRIES TO BENTLY'S OFFICE. BUT EVENTS TAKE AN UNEXPECTED TURN WHEN DESMOND GLIMPSES SLAM FIRST!

RUNNING DOWN THE FIRE-ESCAPE WITH A RELUCTANT BUT TERRIFIED SHORTY, DESMOND FORCES SHORTY TO ENTER A RACING-CAR ON THE MOVIE-LOT AND SPEEDS OFF!

BUT SLAM IS CLOSE BEHIND!


HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

I'LL WRITE YOU A LETTER!

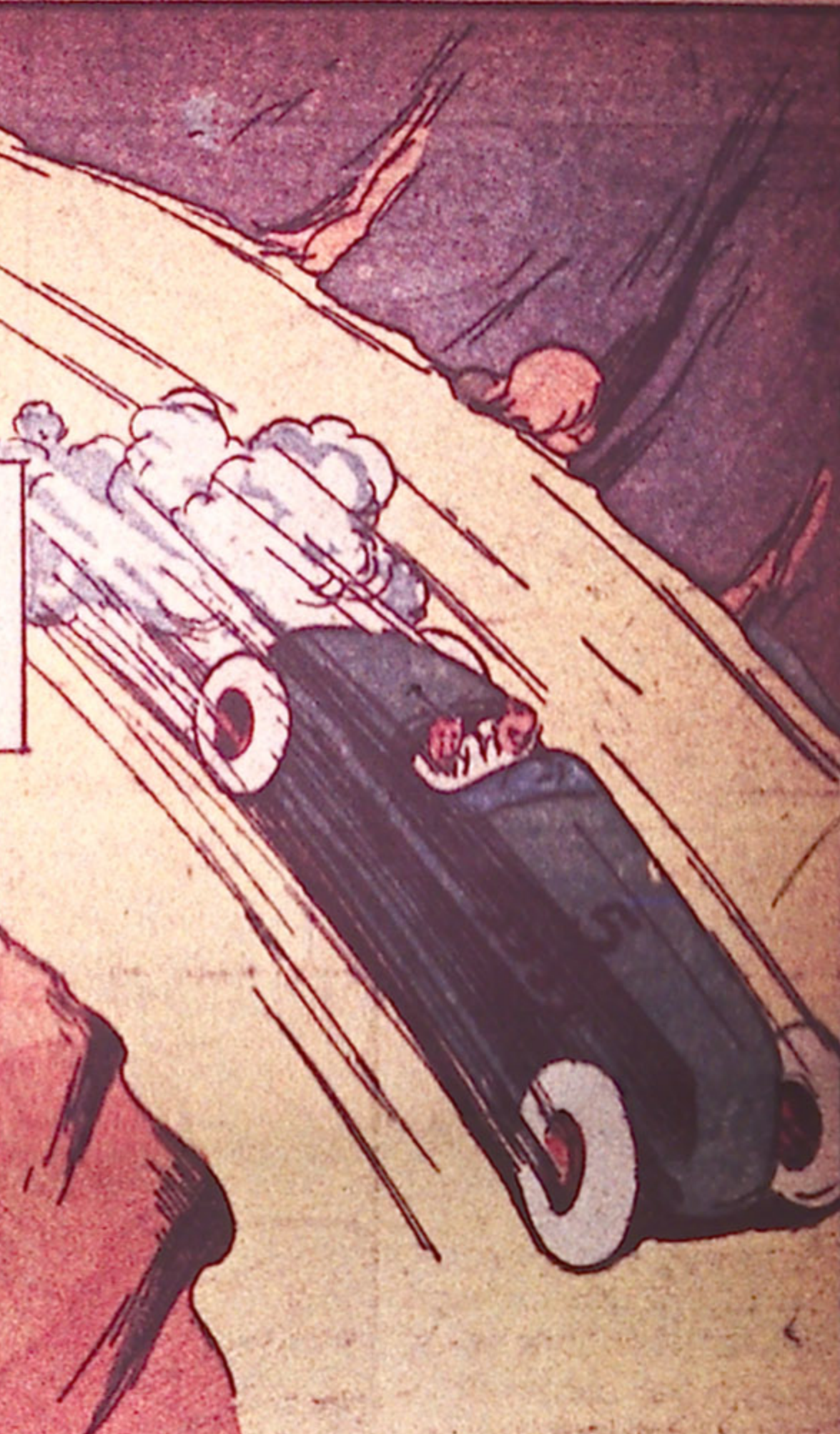


CITIZENS OF BEVERLY HILLS ARE TREATED TO THE WILDEST EXHIBITION OF DRIVING THEY'VE EVER SEEN! TWO APPARENT MAD-MEN CAREEN THEIR CARS ABOUT CORNERS IN A DEADLY CHASE THAT DISREGARDS ALL TRAFFIC AND COMMON-SENSE LAWS!

IT IS AT THIS TENSE MOMENT THAT SLAM MAKES A HORRIFYING DISCOVERY.



THE GAS-TANK!
IT'S ALMOST EMPTY!
IF DESMOND GETS
AWAY NOW, IT'LL
BE CURTAINS
FOR SHORTY!

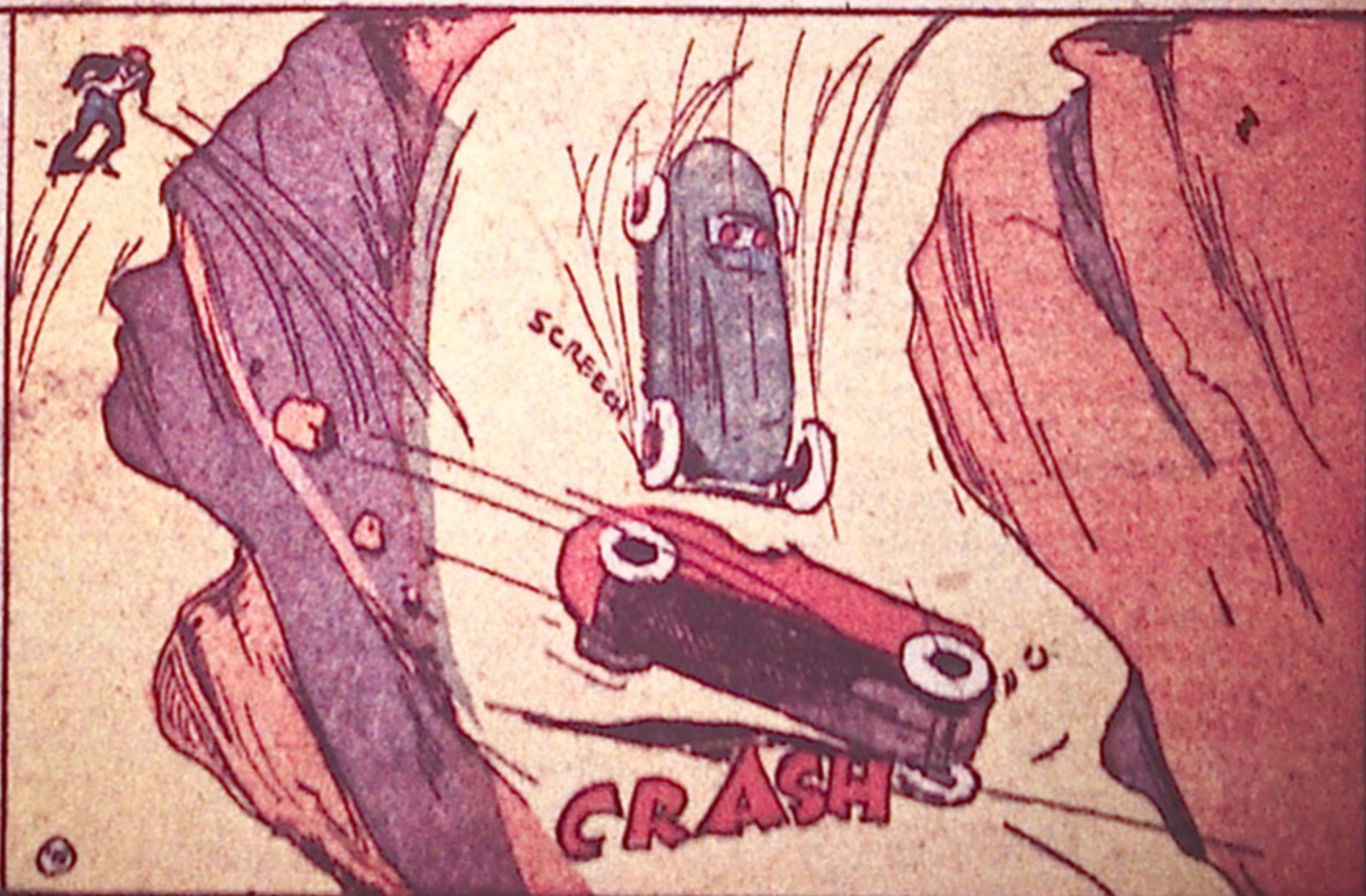


AT LENGTH THE AUTOS ARE TEARING DOWN A DANGEROUS MOUNTAIN ROAD! THE SLIGHTEST MISCALCULATION MEANS CERTAIN DEATH!!

SLAM BRADLEY HAS PERPETRATED MANY HAIR-STANDING STUNTS IN HIS COLORFUL CAREER, BUT THE FEAT HE NOW ATTEMPTS TOPS THEM ALL!

OBSERVING DESMOND SWERVE WITH THE ROAD TO A LOWER LEVEL, SLAM SENDS HIS CAR OVER THE MOUNTAIN-ROAD'S EDGE AND LEAPS FREE!!

LUCK IS WITH SLAM! HIS CAR BARRICADES THE ROAD BELOW AND DESMOND IS FORCED TO JAM ON HIS BRAKES TO AVOID A COLLISION!



WITH SHORTY FACING DEATH IN A MATTER OF SECONDS SLAM HURTTLES DOWN TOWARD DESMOND'S FIGURE!

THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO ESCAPE, EH? --I'LL SMASH YOUR BLASTED SKULL IN!

IF THERE'S ANY SMASHIN' TO BE DONE, BUDDY, I'LL DO IT!

THE CAPTURED DESMOND, TURNED OVER TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES, PROMPTLY CONFESSES TO BENTLEY'S MURDER.

AS SLAM AND SHORTY ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE HOLLYWOOD THEY RECEIVE A HANDSOME OFFER FROM STUPENDOUS FILM STUDIO'S NEW PRESIDENT

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? IF YOU DON'T SIGN THIS CONTRACT YOU'RE TOSSING AWAY \$100,000 A YEAR AND A CHANCE TO STAR IN PICTURES!

NO, THANK YOU! WE INTEND TO CHARM THE GALS OF THE NATION IN PERSON, NOT ON THE SCREEN! RIGHT, SHORTY?

RIGHT SLAM!

THE END

COMPLETE in NEXT ISSUE

THE TENSEST, GOOFIEST, MOST AMAZING RELEASE OF SLAM BRADLEY YET OFFERED!

DESPERATE ADVENTURE AND INSPIRED COMEDY DODGE THE FOOTSTEPS OF OUR TWO UNORTHODOX MADCAPS AS THEY PULL THE MOST SURPRISING MOVE THEY'VE TRIED YET: ATTENDING ELEMENTARY SCHOOL!!

TEACHERS, BRATS, GANGSTERS AND GALS CONTRIBUTE TO A MERRY CHASE, AND WHEN THE STARTLING CLIMAX IS REACHED YOU'LL HOWL WITH SURPRISE. DON'T MISS IT! IT'S STUNNING! IT'S HUMOROUS! AND IT'S IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF --

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No. 16

JUNE, 1937

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SEE PAGE 5

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